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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	417	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (<i>continued</i>):		CORRESPONDENCE (<i>continued</i>):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Scottish Painters in Edinburgh . .	427	Anarchism and Atheism. By F. C.	
The Church Congress	420	A Means of Grace for the Drama . .	428	Constable	432
The Liberal Party and the Irish Vote .	421	Phoenix-Atlas-Pelican	429	REVIEWS:	
Smallpox and the Conscience Clause .	422			The Italian City	432
Reciprocity or Tariff Wars	423	CORRESPONDENCE:		An Age of Great Churchmen . .	433
The Persian Gulf	424	Pan-Hispano Americanism.—II. By		No Field for Lyric	433
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		R. B. Cunninghame Graham . .	430	Reasonable Criminology . . .	434
The Story of the Parish.—II. After the		Examinations in Utopia. By Frank J.		"Evelyn Innes" and Other Novels .	434
Reformation	425	Adkins	431	NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS . .	436
The Empress Josephine	426	Reductio ad Absurdum. By Edward		FRENCH LITERATURE	438
		Stanley Robertson	432		

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is not too much to say that the country is becoming genuinely disturbed about the progress of the war. At Fort Itala our casualties were more than 130; in the night attack on Colonel Kekewich our casualties were 161. So far as we know the details, Colonel Kekewich had been pursuing a large body of Boers who, instead of being disorganised by the pursuit, returned at night and made the most determined attack which has been recorded in the history of the war. The strange part about these engagements is that we have been on the defensive, and the fact is humiliating in contrast with the wording of Lord Kitchener's recent proclamation: that the Boers are "unable to carry on regular warfare or to offer any organised resistance to His Majesty's forces in any part of the country". Whatever else they were, Botha's movements on the Zulu frontier and this attack by Delarey at Moedwill were certainly organised. But as it seems to us the alarm to which they have given rise is excessive. It was certain that with the arrival of summer the Boers in the field would become more aggressive, and as by the nature of things they are in a position to select the field of battle, and will only attack when they are in a majority, we must continually be fighting on the defensive. Never before has so large a body of Boers shown such courage; and while it is the duty of the Government to recognise promptly and practically this new factor, it remains true from a purely strategic point of view that both these engagements have been more serious to the Boers than to us.

Further information about the fighting at Fort Itala on the Zulu frontier throws a strange light on official information. We seem to have had about one hundred and thirty casualties and to have lost a convoy, yet all the official information which we had, apart from a later list of killed and wounded, was that the Boers attacked the fort and were bravely repulsed with great loss. It is certain that the Boers lost heavily; one prisoner saw sixty buried, and we now know that the number of Boer dead was four times as great; but the point is that the losses on our side were not even indicated in the first official report. They have leaked out slowly through various sources, and the unofficial information is corroborated by the official casualty list published later. The withholding of the news may be due either to the War Office or to Lord Kitchener, but

in either case it is difficult to imagine any genuine reason for such official secrecy.

Apart from the two battles at Fort Itala and Moedwill the course of the war has been normal. As many as 274 Boers have been captured, there have been 48 surrenders, and numbers of horses, wagons, and cattle, as well as much ammunition, have been taken. One of the worst pieces of treachery yet discovered occurred near Pretoria. Lieutenant Miers went out from his post to meet three Boers who advanced under the white flag. After a short conversation they shot him dead and galloped away. A considerable sensation has been caused, especially in Continental papers, by the conviction of Mr. Broeksma for treachery and high treason. He was shot on 30 September. In regard to the general regulation of the country, arrangements have been made for selling the farms of Boer generals still in the field. Among the acts of peace Colonel Morgan has done very successful work in the establishment of Government farms near all the principal garrisons in the Transvaal. The market gardening scheme has proved so prosperous that more than enough forage and vegetables for all the local forces has been provided. This farming success promises well for the future prosperity of the country.

It is now officially known that Sir Redvers Buller is to be in command of the first Army Corps. It is unnecessary to discuss his qualifications as a general. He has had both successes and failures; but as to the future it is quite certain that he will never again command in war. This being so, his appointment is an open confession that Mr. Brodrick has altered his mind on one important point. One of the most valuable promises in his proposed scheme was that the younger men who would be selected to command in war would be given previous experience in the actual practice of handling a complete army corps. The great value of the war from a purely military standpoint is that it has sifted out the really capable men. Though the German opinion is that the fighting in Africa is likely to have no parallels, it remains that the generals who have done well in Africa have shown the capacity and had the necessary experience to enable them to do well elsewhere. It would be fatuous to assert that there are not certainly five or six younger men well qualified for the post and to whom the experience would be of practical value for the future.

We doubt whether either the statesmen or the soldiers at the War Office estimate as they should the growing bitterness and contempt felt towards them

by all sections of the community on account of their childish optimism. The country will not quickly forget or forgive the scandal of sweeping up the valetaille of St. James and Soho, and sending them out to South Africa dressed, labelled and paid as Imperial Yeomanry, only to hamper Lord Kitchener, and (with regard to a large portion of them) to be returned as "empties" at enormous cost to the tax-payer. The suffering caused by the war is much deeper and more widespread than appears on the surface. It is not merely a question of paying the interest on the £200,000,000 by increased taxation: it is injury to business of all kinds. The values of all securities, from Consols to South African mining shares, have fallen and keep falling. Many classes of traders find their livelihood crumbling away. No doubt there are exceptions: the Birmingham Small Arms Company for instance has just declared a dividend equivalent to 70 per cent. on its capital; whilst the recently declared dividends of Vickers Maxim suggest equal prosperity.

Mr. Gladstone in his last Administration gave Mr. Asquith the place of Home Secretary; and Mr. Asquith has not unnaturally been accused of rejecting the policy of his leader. But Mr. Asquith's announcement at Ladybank of his uncompromising rejection of the Irish party is rather an act of obedience to the better part of his old leader. Mr. Gladstone asked the country in 1885 to give him a majority which should make him independent of the Irish. It was only when his request was refused that he made overtures to the Irish rather than lose power. Mr. Asquith with the same desires, but with more than twice the courage, has shaken off the Irish party when the Liberal party is at its lowest minority. Correspondingly, Mr. Redmond as leader has had greater courage than Mr. Gladstone's allies and declared without any pretence that the Irish party has no fellowship with anything English. His declaration involved, if dignity was to be kept, Mr. Asquith's declaration. If Mr. Asquith were the recognised leader, as he ought to be, of the Liberal party in the country, his pronouncement would be of great historic importance. Perhaps it is, even as things are; but it is a strange anomaly that so important a declaration of policy should be made by a member of a party without the endorsement of the titular leader.

Mr. Asquith was thoroughly justified in giving expression to the "glorious isolation" of the Liberal party from the Irish members. Up to a point he was also wise in following the Conservative speakers at the Blenheim garden party in demanding that the excessive representation of Ireland should be reduced. The Irish members have not contributed so much to what dignity and utility the House of Commons possesses that they should be presented with such an excess of representatives. But it is childish to look on the deprivation as punitive. The system of representative government depends for its excellence on the levelness of the distribution of elective power. London is not worthy of more members because it is nearest to the centre of England any more than Ireland deserves fewer—to invert Mr. Gladstone's argument—because she is farther removed from the centre. A scheme of redistribution is necessary; but it must be as wide as the British Isles and must be formed on mathematical or at least strictly logical grounds, not vitiated by subacid pettishness at the rebellious spirit of the odd hundred or so members.

Mr. Redmond lost no time in reasserting his defiance. At a meeting of the United Irish League in Dublin he said with the directness which has marked all his recent speeches that the policy of the party was "to attack the English Government in all its departments, to expose to the world all its iniquities, and by every means open to honourable and Christian men to make English government methods in that country as difficult and as dangerous as possible". At the same meeting a letter was read from Mr. W. O'Brien in which he said that if the English King comes to Ireland the United Irish League "only need the arms and training of the Boers to testify their hatred of England's rule with an elo-

quence equal to that of the unconquered South African Republics". Mr. Redmond suggested using means "open to honourable and Christian men"; but Mr. O'Brien's words if they mean anything urge the employment of means dishonourable and unchristian, one may add, traitorous. Quite logically there is only one method of treating men who use such language; but logic is not the strong point either of the Irish or those who handle Irish subjects.

Though the Bishop of Chichester's inaugural address was largely a plea for moderation the second day of the Brighton Congress promised enough breeze to fill the sails of discussion. The Church Reform meeting indeed, as it turned out, lay becalmed, for the difficulties which confront any scheme for the restoration of autonomy to the Church of England are so enormous that the debate was unreal and few attended it. Statesmen, if they wish to avert disestablishment, will have sooner or later to come to some *modus vivendi* with the Church, but we quite expect to find the subject still being discussed when next the Congress meets in the town of Robertson and Wagner. The discussion on "Authority in the Church of England", in which Lord Halifax and Dr. Wace were the principal readers, was very much more excited, and the Bishop of Chichester had to intervene to check a storm raised by the latter's reference to "an irresponsible peer", and to a clergyman assuming "the airs of a successful rebel, supported by the admiring shouts of an ecclesiastical mob". Lord Halifax did his best to help the chairman, but we doubt if the High Church cause was not morally stronger a generation ago when the shouting was against it. Also—if manœuvring for place were permissible in religious controversy—we think that the President of the English Church Union, whose loftiness of character and courageous frankness we admire, has been maladroit in allowing the Protestant party to appear in the rôle of defenders of the Prayer-book against innovation and of authority against self-will.

The truth is that, though the Tractarians quite sincerely and correctly claimed merely to be putting in force Reformation principles and the plain rules of the Prayer-book, High Churchmen have felt the ideas of the sixteenth and even the seventeenth centuries to be not wholly satisfactory. While sacerdotal theory was retained, the polemic against Rome caused the language of controversialists about the Eucharist to be defective in balance. A number also of what would now be harmless and edifying ceremonies were swept away. But chiefly the Reformation age differed from our own in the outburst of an extreme nationalism which issued in a noble patriotism but was hardly conscious of the seriousness of the breach with the family of Western Christendom. So that while the Church of England appealed in words to the Church Catholic, and the regulations of the Prayer-book presupposed an anterior authority and tradition behind them, Anglicanism in practice became more and more insular. Lord Halifax points to the theory of the Reformation, which was no search after an imaginary Atlantis of pure Christianity but a return to the standard of the undivided Church. Dr. Wace on the other hand appeals to the actual historic facts. Want of theoretical lucidity always works itself out sooner or later in muddle, and the inability of the Reformers to decide between two antagonistic views of Christianity has enabled parties ever since to point each in turn to her formularies as justifying their position.

Lord Halsbury and Mr. Hanbury were the ministers who in accordance with custom attended the Cutlers' Feast as representatives of the Government. Lord Halsbury's most important statement was as to the rumours of the "friction" between Lord Kitchener and the War Office. He characterised them as absolutely false and denounced as traitorous the circulating of rumours whose only purpose was to encourage the Boers in their resistance. Nothing could be more emphatic than his assertion that there had been perfect confidence between the Government and Lord Kitchener ever since he succeeded to his present position. Both

Lord Halsbury and Mr. Hanbury referred to the recent suggestions as to reduction of Irish representation. Neither of them agrees with what they call "tinkering the constitution" to meet the case of Irish obstruction; though Mr. Hanbury declared that the party must be faced and dealt with, whatever the cost might be, and no mere reduction of its numbers would settle the difficulty.

The reports of Mr. Brodrick's Committee on the medical and nursing services of the Army have been published. Apart from changes in the general organisation of these services, the chief grievances to be remedied were the imperfect recognition of merit in the service and the failure to attract the better men. The appointment of an Advisory Board, some members of which are to be civilian doctors, is suggested as the best means both of ensuring official efficiency in the general control and of preventing the cut-and-dried methods of promotion. But the proposed increase in the rate of pay will be the suggestion most approved of in the service. A lieutenant would receive at once £323 10s. a year and the Director-General £2,000. There have also been some alterations in the retired pay: additional gratuities of £1,000 and £2,500 for retirement after nine and eighteen years' service respectively. These and many of the minor suggestions at least indicate an appreciation on the part of the Committee of the points needing reformation, and it is to be hoped that the Government will be as liberally minded as the Committee. But since the chief object is to attract into the service picked men the extreme multiplication of examinations is not a little likely to act as a deterrent.

The incident at Koweit if unlikely to lead to an immediate crisis is none the less of immediate importance. Turkey, to whom Koweit has owed since 1870 some nominal allegiance, was thought to be amassing troops in the neighbourhood, possibly with the object of stiffening her authority; and to adjust the balance several English vessels have been collected at the place. Some understanding, whereby England and Turkey are to take a joint responsibility, is rumoured, probably without foundation, to have been arrived at already. But the importance of the incident extends beyond the details of the present situation. If Turkey is not likely to be the occasion of serious difficulties, some day we shall certainly have to face in Persia both German competition and Russian aggression; and the danger is that by the patching up of some ill-devised and vague agreement we may revive in India that unrest which has long been produced by our apparent want of policy in the East. The future of India must be affected by the future of Persia, and while Russia moves on in accordance with a policy that does not differ from century to century, a succession of British Governments has not arrived at any policy at all. This little affair with Turkey is an earnest of a number of little affairs with more serious rivals; and as Koweit itself is the finest harbour in the Persian Gulf, as such it is not unlikely in the future to be the central object of international intrigues in that quarter of the world. It is to be hoped that the present promptitude of the Government is a sign of a distinct policy which has not only been formulated but will soon be made known.

The decision of the Indian Government to survey a railway line from Quetta to Nushki, following the new trade route to Persia, is a most important departure. Commercially speaking the project is unimpeachable and its advantages unquestionable, though it may lead to complications with Russia when the line is prolonged to Seistan. The strategical aspect is more complex and more grave. This will be the first railway extended beyond the western frontier in the direction of Central Asia and a possible line of Russian advance. On the same principle which disallowed the Channel tunnel there are obvious dangers attending a line which in the event of surprise or disaster may be used to facilitate an invasion and which weakens the natural defences that the desert route now opposes to an invader. These considerations will have to be weighed carefully before the work of construction is com-

menced. The ablest ruler in Asia to-day will permit no lines to enter his territory in spite of the economic advantages they offer, which he well understands. What will carry his traffic, he thinks, will also carry his enemies.

The partial success of Lord Yarborough's efforts suggests that financial disputes may be settled by tact, that is to say sympathy, as well as by the laws of political economy. The dispute between the fishermen and the masters at Grimsby has lasted rather more than three months. No new fact has been introduced; neither party has given way on any essential point, and the agreement to accept arbitration might very well have been arrived at without the long interval of bitterness and suffering. Thanks to Lord Yarborough's personal efforts all but the sharmen had consented to accept the arbitration of the Board of Trade on every disputed point. It was hoped that work would be resumed without any delay, and it was expressly stipulated that the decisions of the arbitrators were to be given as soon as possible, and that the award was to be retrospective to the resumption of work. The agreement seemed thoroughly satisfactory; but when it was finally brought before the assembled sharmen—the technical name for the skippers and mates who are given a share in the takings—the meeting showed an altogether unexpected hostility to the proposals, and in the end, after rejecting Lord Yarborough's proposals, passed by a large majority an amendment altogether declining arbitration on one disputed point. This unexpected refusal seems to be the result of a merely sentimental objection to "signing on" at the Federation Offices instead of at the Board of Trade.

If Mr. Chamberlain is going to wait until the Friendly Societies have solved the problem of old age pensions, the question may be considered to be at rest for some time yet. A conference of Friendly Societies has been sitting during the week, convened by way of acting on the suggestion he made some time ago that they should take the matter in hand and submit a scheme. If all the societies were desirous of accepting Mr. Chamberlain's invitation there would undoubtedly be some hope that a formidable element of opposition would disappear. But as the actual societies who have met only represent, on the showing of the President of the Conference, about half of the membership, the well-known division amongst them has only been emphasised. A resolution was passed that a scheme should be prepared for providing pensions for the "aged and thrifty". If that means more than a Friendly Society scheme it has no greater authority than a scheme proposed by any other person or persons. If it is a scheme for subsidising Friendly Societies only, the objections of the opposing societies remain, as well as the general objection against confining pensions to a particular kind of qualification. The Friendly Societies are not the god from the machine that will settle the matter.

The outbreak of smallpox in London, though it has not reached alarming proportions is very widely spread. The total number of patients on Thursday was 177 and the cases are said to be of a particularly virulent type. The fear of the disease does not seem greatly to have altered people's views on vaccination. For instance in Hackney the vaccination officers by the wish of the parents were instructed not to visit the Board schools as it was no part of their duty! In Camberwell the proportion of unvaccinated children is computed to be 20 per cent., but in this district the refusal of parents is said to have been due in almost every case to carelessness rather than conviction; in other words there has been gross neglect on the part of the officers responsible for the vaccination of children. As cases are reported from such distant parishes as S. George's, Hanover Square, Bethnal Green, Southwark and extra-metropolitan districts, the Metropolitan Medical Officers of Health Society are justified in pointing out that the whole of London should be regarded as an infected area, and it is to be hoped that the omissions due to carelessness will be rectified without the smallest delay.

Lord Reay's annual address at the London School Board on its meeting after the vacation consisted of a long criticism of the action of the Board of Education's administrative orders bearing on the ill-defined boundary line between elementary and secondary education. He complained of what was really higher elementary education being sanctioned by the department in secondary schools, and its supervision transferred to the secondary branch of the Board. We do not think the public will care one straw for the point on which Lord Reay dilates so dryly. It does not affect in the least the children who have to be educated. In regard to his complaints that the department did not take objection soon enough to the character of the evening classes, if there was anything wrong it is no defence of the School Board, but there is something in it as an indictment of the department. We can agree cordially with Lord Reay's praise of Mr. Sadler's work in the Special Inquiry Branch of the Board of Education, and with his demand for greater administrative direction and control by the Board, though it might not be exactly in the direction Lord Reay would like.

In the competition for the America Cup there have now been completed two races and two fiascos. The long lead which "Shamrock" held in the second fiasco gave a general opinion that she had a good chance of winning the second race; but the critics, as is right and proper, are wont to exaggerate the excellences of the weaker vessel. The conditions in the second race were exactly those which would have been selected by "Shamrock's" skipper, a good steady breeze and a smooth sea. The details of racing were much less exciting than on the first occasion as the two yachts were seldom close together all through the race. "Shamrock" by clever sailing got a commanding lead at the start and rounded the record mark of the triangular course with a lead of 48 secs.; but "Columbia" had been gaining from the start and in sailing the last "leg" off the course overlapped, then blanketed and finally passed "Shamrock" and continued to gain till the end, and won by a margin of 3 min. 35 secs. including the time allowance. It was a good race on the whole but from the spectacular point of view would have been much less exciting if "Shamrock" had not crossed the line with a lead of a minute and a half. The rubber consists of five races but the final result can now scarcely be in question.

The weekly returns from the Bank of England disclose some considerable movements. £636,000 has gone abroad. Including this amount the stock of coin and bullion has gone down £1,480,067 while the note circulation shows a rise of £1,145,225. The reserve has thus fallen £2,625,292 which now makes the proportion of reserve to liabilities 48½ per cent. instead of 54 per cent. as last week. Money has been in good demand and considerable amounts have been borrowed from the Bank. The Local Loan issue is at last published. The amount is for £3,000,000 although £5,000,000 was expected. The issue price is 98 the same as last time but is now quoted 1 premium. During the past week the Funds have been steady with a slightly increased investment business. The Stock markets generally have been dull but prices in American railway shares kept remarkably firm considering the small amount of business transacted. The postponement of the announcement of the Atchison dividend until next week had rather a depressing effect on the market. The Rio Tinto interim dividend of 35s. was slightly in excess of what was generally expected and produced a better tone in the copper market. Business in British railways has been small this week. The reported striking of the coal seam at Dover caused a sharp rise in South-Eastern and Chatham securities although great scepticism is expressed as to the "find" being of any real commercial value. In the mining section business has been extremely limited the news from South Africa not being of a nature to improve matters. Consols 93½. Bank rate 3 per cent. (13 June, 1901.)

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE function of safety valve is performed for the Church very well by the Mother, or at least the great Lady, of Congresses. The consciousness, too, of a common life and of voices that need utterance is quickened by these annual gigantic gatherings. They are too large to be of much value for debating purposes. Sermons and addresses are inclined to be framed ad populum. Preachers and readers are selected because they are well known, and what they have to say is therefore already stale and familiar. A large audience wants not to hear new and striking thoughts, but to find its own thoughts cleverly reflected and expressed. An expansive sympathy with everything that sounds generous pervades the building, and commonplaces handsomely put are eagerly applauded. You cannot shout pregnant spiritual ideas at an unprepared assembly of three thousand people. If however people do not learn much at a Church Congress it brings them together; it breaks down the isolation and parochialism which disintegrate what was once the life of a Body; it gives a considerable stimulus to local interest in ecclesiastical matters, and it advertises the Church of England wherever newspapers penetrate. Not even a divine institution nowadays can dispense with advertisement, though, this year's Official Guide compels us to add, it can well dispense with jocosity. The Congress, too, is an excellent opportunity for the meeting of societies and unions; and in addition to the loan exhibition which Mr. Hart provides every year—the modern exhibits sent by the ecclesiastical shops, though improving, still suggest a poor and pretentious standard of Church craftsmanship—the excellent idea presented itself this year to some of our best ecclesiologists to open an "English Church Exhibition", to show how, within the limits of the famous Rubrick, things really ought to be done as regards the "ornaments of the church, and of the ministers thereof, at all times of their ministration". Here for the first time we escape from the brass eagles and showy pulpits and inartistic hangings and hot glass at so much a square foot, from the skimpy surplices and stoles covered with crosses, from the well-meant reredos painted by the vicar's daughter and from the rood screen supplied by advertising firms. Everything is dignified, rich, simple, devout and English. Here we expect to find, what we do not expect to find among trade exhibits, the work of Bodley, Kempe, Comper, and the rising young artists who congregate in Staple Inn. Mr. St. John Hope and the St. Dunstan Society have brought all their knowledge to bear on this novel exhibition, which is perhaps the most valuable feature of the Brighton Congress.

Twenty-seven years have elapsed since the Congress last met at Brighton amid all the ferment of the Public Worship Regulation Act. It is easy to lay the blame of that unhappy measure on the Erastianism of the Liberal Primates or on the shortsightedness of Mr. Disraeli. But it is certain that it had behind it the force of Church opinion and even of a majority of the clergy. The opposition of Mr. Gladstone himself was rested merely on the latitudinarian argument that ecclesiastical discipline ought not to be enforced against hard-working and earnest men, whether high, low or broad church, and in none of his speeches was the real gravamen against the measure glanced at—that it substituted a new parliamentary tribunal for the Church's immemorial spiritual court. The House of Commons passes fretful resolutions about ecclesiastical anarchy, but it has only itself to blame. Nothing is more incontestable than that discipline can never be restored in the Church of England until she recovers her ancient liberties, and especially her chartered right, recognised at Runnymede, to be "free and enjoy her own judgments". Statesmen will have to make their choice between the old constitutional connexion between Church and State and none at all. The relation of the Church of England to the Crown is, as all sensible high churchmen will admit, excessively complicated. The independence of the Scottish Establishment is an instantia which shows that the subject has no inherent right to take the merits of every kind of dispute to the Throne for settlement. Indeed any club committee or

other consensual jurisdiction might exhibit the same proof. Nevertheless Scotland is not England. What is wanted here is the abolition, as recommended by the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, of the tribunal created in 1874, and the reconstitution of an extremely strong final court of experts—bishops, canonists and civilians—to advise the sovereign, with compulsory reference of doctrinal questions to the Upper House of Convocation. The spiritual sentence would of course, as in former times, be pronounced by the spiritual judge, and equally of course the King's Bench would keep the Ecclesiastical Court from overstepping its powers.

If this was not a burning question at Brighton, it is because not a voice could have been raised there in 1901 to defend a continuation of the Westbury-Penzance new model of Church judicature. The resumption of the right of autonomous legislation, though the logical corollary of the inclusion in the Imperial Parliament of three nations professing different religions, and of the admission to it of men of every shade of belief and unbelief, is one which has provoked much more difference of opinion. Besides the not unnatural unwillingness of the nation to break with history and the usual English dislike of logic, there has to be taken into account the fear of the older school of high churchmen that more is to be given to the laity than primitive precedents and catholic principles allow, and the objection felt by churchmen generally to accepting a constitution from the hands of Parliament, which moreover would be the scene of painful discussions and controversial debates before anything could be enacted. We certainly think it would be wisest for the Church of England to make the arrangements she thinks best for herself, and, when they are in working order, to leave it to the civil legislature to accept or refuse accomplished facts. Unless the discussion of Church Reform at the Congress was meant to lead to action, it has been merely *copia verborum*. The greatest need of the Church of England, a revival of discipline for all her members, clerical or lay, is hindered by the spirit of the age rather than by legal obstacles.

Pressing problems, again, are before the Church which no patching or remodelling of machinery will help her to solve. With a lapsing population and a birth-rate which exceeds the death-rate by nearly a thousand a day, the Church finds her priesthood diminishing by leaps and bounds. The causes usually assigned for this alarming fact, such as modern doubts, the competition of other professions, the fast falling subsistence for a clergy and so forth, are true enough. But a deeper cause must be looked for. There can be no doubt that while the Church movement has done its work in elevating the standard and tone of religion, in doing away with abuses and creating an efficient machinery, its force as an enthusiasm is to a great extent spent. The trumpet call has died away, the romance, the sentiment, the glamour of the awakening revival have worn off. Of course honeymoons must be succeeded by humdrum years of wedlock; but thoughtful churchmen are aware of a certain failure in the Anglican system and spirit to touch the deeper idealism of the human heart. Her bishops never seem quite to believe in her divine attributes and authority. The Church appears always too much afraid of the modern temper either to guide or to resist it, afraid to claim the submission of the will or the sacrifice of her children's selves. There was a time since the Reformation when her rulers, temporal and spiritual, gladly mounted the scaffold in defence of her faith, and then she did not lack the loyalty of England. But a Church which ceases to be feared ceases to be loved. Were there a more supernatural atmosphere round the Church of England we should not hear of a failure to find men for the ministry or for the religious life, or of eighty per cent. of the manhood of our towns never entering the church door. Nor would there be leakage to Rome and to the more imaginative forms of Dissent. Let the Church of England appeal to the higher conscience of parents and of sons, plainly offering to her servants for the first seven or ten years poverty, celibacy and obedience. Let her insist on a thorough training of character and intellect before

ordination, and go to her laity with a large financial scheme for such training at one end of the clerical career and of pensioning the disabled at the other end. Let her regulate (as the Wesleyans do) the liberty of ministerial marriages, and relieve those who marry within those regulations of anxiety about provision for widows and orphans, and to some extent about education of children. Let her not make a fetish of "moderation" or be too much afraid of the newspapers. Then we may prophesy the reassertion of her position as the divinely appointed guide of the English nation, the Church which nursed at her knee an Alfred and gave her laws to be the foundation of the laws of England.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND THE IRISH VOTE.

MR. ASQUITH'S declaration that the Liberal party should be independent of the Irish Nationalist vote is historically interesting as well as politically significant. During the General Election of 1885, it will be remembered, Mr. Gladstone made a precisely similar pronouncement. After dwelling with solemnity and in detail upon the danger of placing either of the two great political parties in a state of dependence upon the Irish vote, and thus exposing statesmen to the temptation of settling imperial or domestic questions by a process of bargaining, Mr. Gladstone made a passionate and pathetic appeal to the constituencies to free him from this degrading servitude by giving him such a majority as would outnumber Tories and Nationalists. We all know what followed. Mr. Parnell held the scales; and it was only by availing himself of such assistance ("*tali auxilio*") that Mr. Gladstone was enabled to turn out Lord Salisbury. Thus Mr. Gladstone immediately succumbed to the temptation which he had himself foreseen and described in such moving language. Now after sixteen years Mr. Asquith makes a similar appeal for emancipation, and Mr. Redmond is not slow to remind him of what befell his former leader. But Mr. Asquith is not Mr. Gladstone, nor, except for his oratorical gift, in any way like him. Mr. Asquith, it is true, is a rhetorician, and therefore to a certain extent under the influence of his own phrases. On the whole, however, the reasoning predominates over the literary faculty in Mr. Asquith, partly owing to his training as a lawyer and partly to his cold and logical temperament. We do not therefore believe that Mr. Asquith would fall as Mr. Gladstone fell on the first appearance of temptation, and we are sure that he is perfectly sincere in his desire to see the Liberal party independent of Messrs. Redmond, Dillon and O'Brien. But then it is quite true, as Mr. Redmond said, that Mr. Asquith is not speaking of the whole Liberal party, but only of a section or centre party. It is plain that Mr. Asquith is not speaking for, or even thinking of, those gentlemen below the gangway on the Opposition side who, like Mr. Redmond, see in Mr. Lloyd-George the expositor of Liberalism. It is just this fact which gives to Mr. Asquith's speech at Ladybank so piquant an interest. For in cutting himself off from the Irish Nationalists Mr. Asquith must have known that he was cutting himself off from Mr. Lloyd-George and Sir Robert Reid and Mr. Labouchere, from all the Radicals, in a word, who condemn the war. So keen an observer and so shrewd a thinker as Mr. Asquith must therefore have come to the conclusion that the formation of a Liberal-centre party, imperialist in foreign affairs and progressive in domestic questions, has at last come within the range of practical politics. With whom Mr. Asquith proposes to associate himself in this task, he does not say, probably he does not know. Whether he means to cross the floor and take his seat between Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire, or whether he looks to an alliance between Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain is not so much as hinted at—very wisely, in our opinion. But that Mr. Asquith is meditating upon the rehabilitation of the Liberal party upon moderate and patriotic lines, and without the aid of Irish and English Jacobins, is a fact of cardinal importance.

Mr. Asquith's observations about the redistribution

of seats were marked by his usual incisive common sense, and ought to give pause to those heady reformers who are calling for the reduction of Irish representation as a punishment for the pro-Boer speeches of Irish members. The patriotism of these statesmen of the pen has been heated to such a glow that apparently they think there is nothing to be done but to transfer twenty members from Ireland to such safe neighbourhoods as Wandsworth and Wimbledon. Mr. Asquith calmly points out to them that the representation of the people is not a subject which can be dealt with in a "punitive or partial" spirit. To suppose that you have simply got to cut off the excessive proportion of Irish members and add the number to the suburbs of London argues an ignorance of the A B C of politics. Political reform, whether in regard to the distribution of seats or the qualification for the vote, must be based upon some definite and intelligible principle, and in these days must be logically and impartially applied to all parts of the United Kingdom. We have unfortunately long ago abandoned the old-fashioned principle that representation should be proportionate to taxation. We have come to see the absurdity of Mr. Gladstone's paradox that the amount of representation should vary in the inverse ratio of nearness to the Metropolis, and that the Connemara peasant should have five times the voting power of a Londoner, because it is more difficult for the former to gain access to the legislature. We have arrived at the conclusion (not quite consciously or avowedly, but practically) that representation should be based upon population, and we have gone a good way towards carrying that principle into practice. Is it desirable at the present moment to go any further? For representation based upon population means in the long run equal electoral districts, and that may, though it does not necessarily, mean "one man one vote". Mr. Asquith tells us pretty plainly that we may have his co-operation in the reduction of the Irish representation to its proper size upon the terms that the three kingdoms are to be divided into equal electoral districts with one vote to each elector. Is the Tory party prepared to strike the bargain? It is obvious that no Reform Bill can be carried without the assistance of the Liberal party; and it is equally clear that with the co-operation of the Radicals the resistance of the Irish, like that of the Boers, could in time be worn down. For the sake of getting rid of twenty Irish Nationalists, is the Unionist party prepared to disfranchise Canterbury, Winchester, Taunton, Stafford, Durham and some other boroughs of the same kind? We do not hold that the existence of the Unionist party is in any way dependent upon the preservation of the small boroughs. The strongholds of Conservatism to-day are the big towns, the centres of wealth and intelligence; and we remember that in 1892 it was the small boroughs like Stafford that first deserted us. But when it comes to the abolition of the plural vote for property we do not see our way to accept Mr. Asquith's offer of alliance. The Irish Nationalists have behaved very foolishly, as well as wickedly, throughout the war. But it does not do to handle parliamentary reform as a birch-rod. It does not appear as if the Unionist writers and speakers who are getting up an agitation for the reduction of Irish representation have thought the matter out, or have dreamt of applying their principles of reform to England. The facts about the importance of the plural vote may be exaggerated. It is very likely; as there is nothing about which so many fibs are told as the register. But, until we have more light and dry light as to the effect of equal electoral districts upon the representation of property as opposed to population, we should not allow ourselves to be driven by resentment against the Irish into the arms of so astute a tactician as Mr. Asquith.

SMALLPOX AND THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE.

THE details of a complex problem involving the delicate interplay of the activities of life, the attractions and repulsions of contending cells, the production

and warfare of toxins and anti-toxins, the nature of microbes and microbial poisons lie in a region closed and unprofitable to the layman. A special aptitude, a long training and a constant, assiduous devotion are requisites of the modern bacteriologist, and it is only the bacteriologist who is in a position even to understand the evidence that has accumulated regarding the artificial production of relative or complete immunity to a disease. And this is the more so because the production of immunity by vaccination, for long an isolated empirical result, hit upon by what may be called a happy chance, and at its inception out of line with what was known of diseases, has now by the vast growth of knowledge taken its place as one particular problem exactly congruous with the problems raised by study of the vast majority of diseases. Had Jenner not existed, were smallpox a new plague suddenly brought to Europe from some remote part of the earth, modern bacteriologists, from their knowledge of other diseases, would be seeking for some means of producing immunity much on the lines of Jenner's empirical solution. The scientific discussion of vaccination as a biological process must be left to biologists, and, in particular, to those biologists who make pathological bacteriology their special subject. It is annoying to the rest of us to be ruled out, but it is inevitable; we have not the eyes to see the evidence, nor the intelligence trained to sift and comprehend it. We are excluded moreover by an emotional barrier, unscientific no doubt, but practically insuperable. Let a person of average sensibility enter the working laboratories of a medical college, and he will sicken at what is going on around him. The workers pursue their tasks with a complete disregard of the unpleasant side of their surroundings; their mental interests shut out from consciousness the sensory impulses, or, to use the scientific phrase, the higher cerebral centres inhibit the activity of the emotional centres. In the case of the visitor there is no such inhibition and it is right and natural that he should find the dissecting-room a charnel-house, the post-mortem chambers an impossible horror, and see in the lymph of the bacteriologist nothing but "filthy animal matter". The ordinary healthily minded individual recognises such facts as these, and he avoids the unnecessary and painful emotions that are the chief stock-in-trade of the agitator. The anti-vaccinator is only a specially dangerous and pestilent instance of the kind of persons who have opposed every branch of medical study and medical investigation, and their chief weapon has been the employment of emotion in the wrong place.

There is however a side of the question well within the range of all of us. In the course of the last hundred and twenty years or so smallpox has gradually ceased to be numbered among the greater enemies of human life and of human happiness. It still exists, and still threatens; from time to time, as in London at the present moment, its smouldering ashes flare up with sufficient vividness to remind us that it is only by constant vigilance and the most zealous precaution that it can be kept down. But it has been kept under control with increasing success, and it is a matter of common knowledge that the victory over smallpox has been coincident with the employment of vaccination. Naturally, even those who are not anti-vaccinators are aware that coincidence is no proof of causation, and that in the case of smallpox improved sanitation and general amelioration of the conditions of life have played an enormous part in the suppression of the disease. But it is simply childish or criminal to bring forward sanitation as an alternative policy to vaccination, until at least vaccinators arise with so great a confidence in their prophylactic and with so great a power of deceiving the public as to persuade men that the wholesale employment of vaccine will not only prevent smallpox and all other diseases, but will clean the streets, flush the drains and throw sunlight into dark alleys. Any other course than that of continuous improvement in public and domestic sanitation is out of the question, and, so far as we know, has never been suggested. Sanitation has no relation of any kind to the problem of universal compulsory vaccination. The empirical case for vaccination, however, depends not only on the gradual suppres-

sion of smallpox in the century of vaccination, but on an enormous body of evidence as to the heavier incidence of the disease both in numbers and in severity in the case of those whose vaccination is doubtful or negative than in the case of those who bear on their arms the manifest proof of successful treatment. The evidence has been examined, re-examined, sifted and scrutinised in every possible way, and it has satisfied everyone except a handful of fanatics, and of fanatics who for the most part add to their opposition to vaccination, opposition to a number of conclusions that the civilised world has accepted, and acceptance of a number of conclusions that the civilised world has discarded.

At the present time, with what is already serious and may become a dangerous epidemic among us, there is need of a plain summary of the matter. Here it is then. Vaccination against smallpox is not a curious and isolated nostrum, but a measure in exact harmony with our modern knowledge of diseases; it has its own peculiarities and its own difficulties in theory and in practice, but these difficulties and peculiarities have been so long and so profoundly investigated that with reasonable care there is no danger of anything but slight discomfort resulting from the process; it does not produce absolute immunity in every individual case, but, like other modes of treatment, must be judged by its average result, and of its high efficacy judged in this way there is no doubt whatever. The empirical evidence in its favour for the whole century, and for particular epidemics, for districts, for classes, and for groups of individuals, such as garrisons, regiments, crews, staffs of institutions and so forth, is overwhelming. It is a preventive method in addition to sanitation and independent of sanitation, and there is no other known method of general efficacy. Smallpox, although greatly diminished, is not destroyed; despite the splendid organisation to secure the detection, isolation and proper treatment of cases, it still breaks out occasionally in epidemic form. There is but one answer possible. The man without fads or fancies must insist on universal, compulsory vaccination; were there but one-hundredth part of the evidence in its favour the answer should still be the same. As we know, what actually happened is very different. A commission appointed in a fashion too customary as a compromise between opposing factions rather than as a body of unbiased men ready to weigh biased evidence; a report and a minority report; a Comic Opera Local Government Board President, and a Government either careless about the whole question, or careful only to make an unwieldy majority more unwieldy by the votes of stray fanatics. And as a result the Bill with the infamous conscience clause.

We have no wish to adopt the facile argument as to the present epidemic being the result of the new Bill, either directly by increasing the number of those who decline to be vaccinated on conscientious grounds, or indirectly by the profound weakening in the general working of vaccination that has been produced. Effect does not tread so quickly on the heels of cause in matters affecting a whole population. But we have no hesitation in saying categorically that if the present practical absence of compulsory universal vaccination be maintained, then this epidemic, or the next, or the next after that will flare up into a great and terrible evil far beyond control by the local authorities and the slight restraints of compulsory isolation, and that we shall have smallpox back among us as a permanent resident, taking random toll of our population, not lurking in slums and crowded areas but stretching from square to square and from palace to palace.

The intrusion of conscience into an affair of this kind is a wicked anachronism. We are done with the days when a man for the sake of his own conscience could conscientiously burn his neighbour. Let us be as conscientious as we please for ourselves; if we must, let us burn ourselves, with as little advertisement of our reasons as may be; but let us see that we do it in such a fashion that our funeral pyre or the fumes of it do not offend our neighbours. Were it possible that rejection of vaccination brought no risk except to the rejecting person, it might be possible to give a guarded support to the conscience clause.

But that support would have to be hedged about with restrictions and precautions almost impossible to carry out. At a time like the present, the conscientiously unvaccinated person should not be allowed in public except ringing a bell and clad in a warning garb. All means of public conveyance should be closed to him; all shops, schools, theatres, churches, hotels, public-houses and restaurants should refuse to harbour him; his linen should not go to the wash, his shoes to the cobbler nor his letters through the post. Only on terms such as these should he be allowed to suffer for conscience sake. The conscientious anti-vaccinator is a sturdy advocate of sanitation; a first principle of sanitation is the clearing away of all matter likely to harbour the germs of disease, not for the sake of the vicious matter but for the sake of those who may take contamination from it. When there is no epidemic he may be tolerated; when there is even the possible beginning of an epidemic he is vicious matter and a public danger.

RECIPROCITY OR TARIFF WARS.

IN a German comedy "Zopf und Schwert," the scene of which is laid in the Prussia of the eighteenth century, the intrigue turns on the proposed marriage of the heir to the English throne to the daughter of the Prussian king. Everything goes well until the king discovers that one of the English terms is the admission of goods into Prussia on a lower tariff. The king resents this; he wants both the marriage and the higher tariff; but as he will not give way on the latter question England refuses to ratify the marriage. Times have altered since then, but it happens that the German tariff is once more occupying the serious attention if not of English statesmen at any rate of English merchants and traders. The most evident change in the position, however, is that whilst in the eighteenth century we could at least retaliate by refusing consent to a marriage, we have now cut ourselves off from all manner of diplomatic resources. As we make no political alliances we cannot do what Austro-Hungary and Italy are doing, that is point out to Germany the consequences of their prohibitive tariff on the maintenance of political treaties. Marriage as a method of arranging tariff questions may be supposed obsolete. From the third class of resources we have also cut ourselves off. We cannot bargain on the basis of reciprocity treaties. There is not a nation in Europe that is so helpless as we are. If the tariff proposals only concerned England and Germany we should have no means of securing a fair trade with Germany by reasonable duties laid on the goods imported into the country of one from the country of the other. She would protect herself from our competition in Germany and we should not be able to sell there. Certain branches of our export trade would thus be damaged or destroyed; while other branches of our industries would suffer the same fate by the unrestricted entry of German products in competition with them.

If the extreme proposals of the new German tariff are withdrawn, and reduced to dimensions which will make it possible for the European nations to consent to the removal of the present reciprocity treaties, we shall have to accept the settlement on conditions which have been determined by everybody but ourselves. Other nations will have chosen the points that most affect themselves and we shall have to accept the result whatever it be. That is to say in the matter we shall have had no control over our own business. As far as can be seen at present it does not seem likely that the tariff will be carried to such a point as to endanger the renewal of the reciprocity treaties. The extreme protective duties in favour of agricultural products are not only resented by the countries with whose political interests Germany has hitherto been allied, but by the industrials of Germany herself who are rapidly rising in importance. Extreme protection for agriculture would mean corresponding protection for manufactures. Germany would thus put herself into the position which the late President McKinley described as impossible—that of wishing to sell everything without buying anything. The natural

consequence of attempting an absurdity of this kind is to invite reprisals by a war of tariffs between the nations affected. The whole thing is an anachronism just as much as free trade is an anachronism. A war of tariffs is several generations behind the times, while free trade is to say the least an indefinite number of generations ahead of any possibility. Yet if it were not for the recent remarkable conversion of America, or at least the American President, whose action did more than that of any other man to make a tariff war probable, we might suppose that the era of this kind of warfare had opened or had come again. But that has given quite another view of the matter. It has made the action of Germany appear belated. Very probably it is the American economic policy hitherto pursued that has produced the irritation in Germany which has resulted in the proposed higher tariff. One of the arguments used in its defence is that it might furnish a basis for that combined action of Europe against America which has been talked of so much, and the possibility of which we have no doubt was a means of bringing about Mr. McKinley's rapid conversion. Had this not taken place we should have been in far more imminent danger than we are at present of the real outbreak of that war of tariffs which Lord Salisbury once described as the danger of the future.

It is the era of reciprocity treaties in fact which seems more likely to set in than the tariff war notwithstanding the apparently retrograde tendencies in Germany. If anything like a sympathetic response comes from America to the demand of Mr. McKinley for the policy of "good will and friendly trade relations to prevent reprisals" then the party in Germany that objects to the raised tariff will have a powerful instrument for procuring its rejection. They take exactly that line of argument, and the Commercial Diet which represents the German Chamber of Commerce has plenty of evidence at hand in the attitude of Austro-Hungary that such reprisals would promptly take place. A war of tariffs implies political consequences. The allies of the Triplets cannot be cutting each other's throats in a commercial war without endangering its existence. The diverted trade would enure to the benefit of Russia, of France, and above all to the benefit of the detested English. Probably the external policy of Germany will be decisive of the question. The projects of the ultra-protectionists will be brought to such a degree of reasonableness as to be compatible with the renewal of the treaties. Should this desirable result be reached, and the hot heads of Germany and America be cooled by the wider considerations of policy which are present to their Governments, an economic disaster will be averted. In the long run the nations benefit by each other's prosperity. The benefits England might obtain from the threatened tariff war would be counterbalanced by the exclusion from countries with whom under a reasonable tariff she would carry on a natural commercial intercourse. It is the true objective of the nations to take from other nations such of their products as they can use without harm to their industries and labour. That is the lesson Mr. McKinley had learned; and which it is the part of commercial treaties to embody. Tariffs which aim at exclusion are mere brutal expedients which are met with equally brutal retaliation. A fiscal system, or no system, such as ours on the other hand is an abdication of the proper functions of government which should aim at regulating the commerce of the nation in accordance with the actual facts of international commercial life. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times said Mr. McKinley. We see that well enough in England, but persist in invoking a spirit which is not in harmony with our own nor any other times of which we have hitherto had experience.

THE PERSIAN GULF.

SINCE we last discussed the position of England in the Persian Gulf developments of much significance have occurred. A subsidised line of Russian trading steamers has commenced to run from Odessa to the Gulf ports. So far the commercial venture has not been very successful. To the Russian Govern-

ment this is possibly a matter of small importance. The project has to her more of political than commercial importance. It permits her to point, when the time comes, to vested interests which will require protection. That time is not far off. The decision of the Indian Government to survey the line from Quetta to Nushki as the beginning of a railway which will connect Persia with India is certain to excite the apprehension of Russian statesmen and suggest a counter-move. Already the inspired Russian press is protesting that with an English railway projected on one side and a German railway on the other Russia is threatened strategically and commercially and must take steps to safeguard her own rights and interests. It must not be forgotten that she possesses absolute control over railway construction in Persia. No line can be laid except by her or with her consent. Russia at least does not forget it.

Within the last few weeks a fresh disturbing factor has appeared. The scramble for positions of advantage in the Gulf has commenced unexpectedly by a supposed attempt on the part of Turkey to convert her shadowy suzerainty over Koweit into actual military occupation. Lying on the north-west shores of the Gulf some sixty miles below the point where the combined waters of the Tigris and Euphrates enter the sea, Koweit possesses a port of unusual excellence on a coast which is very poor in good harbourage. Its immediate importance lies in the circumstance that it is the destined terminus of the projected Euphrates Valley railway, which under German auspices is to connect the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf, and in the opinion, or in the visions, of some geographers, may form the first stage of the future overland route to India. The Shaikh of Koweit has lately been engaged in a desperate warfare with his neighbour the Amir of Nejd, an Arab chief over whom Turkey likewise claims a disputed suzerainty. At first successful in his attack, Shaikh Mubarak has lately suffered defeat and is apparently threatened in his turn with invasion. Finding him in trouble the Sultan despatched a ship of war with troops from Busrah with the intention of establishing military occupation in Koweit. Shaikh Mubarak promptly appealed to the British who are de facto the paramount Power in those waters, accustomed for generations to police the coast, control the tribes lying along it and adjust their quarrels. When the Turkish corvette appeared at Koweit she found a British gunboat there, prepared if necessary to use force in preventing her from landing the forces and she was compelled to return to Busrah as she had come. The motives which prompted the action of Turkey still remain obscure. Intervention to terminate the warfare with Nejd may serve as a useful pretext, but nobody will believe that it was the real object. It is suggested that the poverty of his exchequer emboldened the Sultan to seize a source of new income and lay Koweit under tribute. The explanation is more than probable. At the same time it is difficult to believe that he acted without some external encouragement and promise of support. It is clearly to the advantage of Germany that Koweit should be in the same hands as the territory to be traversed by the railway leading to it. If the Turkish action has not been at the instigation of Germany it has certainly been in her interest.

A British naval force of some strength is now concentrating in the Gulf. It is asserted and denied that at the request of the Shaikh a British protectorate will be proclaimed over Koweit. If Reuter's agency and newspaper announcements are to be credited the difficulty has already been adjusted and the affair no longer wears a serious aspect. The British and Turkish forces, we are asked to believe, were merely co-operating to keep the peace between Koweit and Nejd and have now amicably arranged their spheres of action. It is quite conceivable that the vigorous action of the British authorities has produced the natural result and the incident has found a peaceful diplomatic grave with an obituary carefully framed to soothe the feelings of the surviving relatives. Great Britain, we are further told, has a full understanding with Germany and will place no obstacle in the way of the projected terminus. Herein may be the germs of

much future trouble. If Koweit is to be occupied unconditionally as the terminus of a German railway then Koweit is destined sooner or later to become a German port. And if Germany has a port how is Russia to be denied one also? We may look with complacency on German rivalry, but the dangerous significance of a Russian naval basis in Persia cannot be minimised or concealed.

The most pleasing and the most hopeful part of the incident is the unusual firmness displayed by the British authorities. Looking at the feeble and irresolute policy which has hitherto governed our proceedings in Persia and further East, this prompt and vigorous action comes as a surprise. It would not be far from the mark to ascribe the credit of it to the Indian Government. The chief importance of Persia lies in her connexion with India; operations in Persia and Persian waters must largely be controlled from the nearest basis. It is not so long since the British representative in Persia was directly subordinate to the Indian Government. India is fortunate in possessing at present as Viceroy the man who knows more and holds stronger views about our Persian policy than any other British statesman. The danger is that his forcible initiative may be neutralised by the infirmity of a Government which has shown so little resolution in its conduct of Eastern affairs. The events of Koweit almost look as if we had a policy of some sort in Persia. But it is not enough to have a policy. It must also be declared with a publicity and decision which will compel other Powers to consider the consequences before infringing the rights which England claims and is prepared to defend. A mere determination, even if formally expressed, to maintain the status quo may serve as a makeshift but it is more likely to prejudice than promote a final and satisfactory settlement. There is no more permanence—perhaps less—in the affairs of the Persian Gulf than in other places. Any sudden turn of events may produce a new combination of circumstances which can only be regulated by reference to a declared policy. Such a declaration would make for peace as well as for security. The time has long been ripe for it. But where is the man?

THE STORY OF THE PARISH.

II. AFTER THE REFORMATION.

THE hurricane of religious strife from over the German Sea falls on the parish like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. In the days that are past the House of God has been an inviolable sanctuary, to-day it is the titled robber's favourite spoil. From the day that the "great debate" in the Commons' House fails to save the monasteries, a black terror hangs over the land, coward fear turns the very shepherds into wolves. The parson raises no voice when, to prepare the simple folk for the coming crime, the buffoons of Thomas Cromwell profane the churches with ribaldry and blasphemy. Nay, churchmen high and low, clerks, churchwardens, sextons, they are all (as the phrase goes) converting the Church's goods to their own use ere the tyrant shall claim them for his. At last the Royal Commissioners, flushed with the plunder of monastery, of alms house and hospital, swoop down on the parish and chantry. And they rob the church of gold and silver, and vestments, and crucifixes, and of all the bells save one, and the relics they scatter and the service books they burn and from the guilds of the parish they seize the last farthing. And the Geneva-inspired divines give thanks to the Lord for the young Josiah, who has given the goods of the Church and the poor to increase the substance of the rich. No wonder that in many a lonely village the parishioners murmur "We will not receive the new service; because it is but like a Christmas game, but we will have our old service of Mattins, Mass, Evensong and Procession, in Latin, as it was before". Strangest of all however—when the tempest has spent its fury and the new order in the Church is comprehended—we see the parish struggling bravely to make the old life live again under the new Prayer-book. True the parish exchequer is empty, true the church is dismantled and ruinous, true the parson

is often illiterate and non-resident. Yet still the parishioners walk the parish bounds, and still do they hold the Church Ale, and still on the first day of Mary's month will Robin Hood bend his bow and the lads and lasses dance around the Maypole. They do repair the church windows, though to get the money they must sell the lead from the church roof. And they have sufficient humour to buy an hour-glass for the preacher. But the powers that be take it ill that there shall be any pleasure in the life of the poor. Wherefore the bishops command that the Perambulation shall be no procession. They must carry no banners nor other monuments of superstition, nor may they halt where the crosses stand. And the young and lightsome folks shall stay at home, and only the substantial of the parish shall perambulate. And the State, which, thanks to its robbery of the parish guilds, has many a "valiant beggar" and "sturdy vagabond" on its hands, forces the Vestry to choose overseers and wrangle over Poor Rates with the result that rich and poor quarrel and one begins to hear of the select Vestry.

Parsons and parishioners are now at daggers drawn and the Convocations of the clergy with insolent illegality authorise the parson to choose one of the two wardens. And the King's Judges when they ride the circuit fume at the Church Ales and have the impertinence to bid the parsons read their proclamations on the matter in service-time. But there is now more humanity in the Church and the clergy show that if there be no Church Ales village quarrels will hardly be reconciled, and that certainly the parish clerk will go without his wages. And Guil. Cant., who knows something of the meaning and history of Christianity, and has a heart for the poor, sets down the prig and the precisian, who shriek for the Jewish Sabbath, the taking away of holidays and a church locked on six days of the week. Authority declares in its chivalrous plea for the Catholic parish and merry England that our good people be not disturbed, letted nor discouraged from ordinary lawful recreation after the end of divine service; for when shall the common people have to exercise except upon Sundays and holidays, seeing that they must live by their labour and win their living upon all work days?

In vain were these words of wisdom spoken to the prig in his priggery. The Puritan has thrown his spells around the middle-class man in the street, and State and Church fall before his violence. And the Maypoles he fells and the churches he confounds and disorders, and the holidays he profanes and reverence and pleasure alike wither before his scowl. True the aged parishioner votes with joy the pence to the sexton, who rings the bells, when the King comes over the water, but merry England comes not back with his Majesty. The bishops tremble before the Puritan spectre lest they shall have to go on their travels again, and will lecture the precisian no more. Rich and poor alike have lost the Catholic tradition of decorous mirth and old-world reverence. The rich (aided by Simon Magus the Diocesan Chancellor) fill the church with horse-boxes, and assume during its services the airs of the minuet.

"Curtsies to curtsies, then with grace succeed,
Not one the fair omits, but at the creed."

The poor play cards on the Holy Table and drink and smoke in church when they elect the wardens.

And so when the voice of the revivalist preacher is heard the earnest peasant and the thoughtful tradesman pass away into schism. Meanwhile the churchwardens are busy converting the Church House into the Protestant monastery, alas the Work House, and the parson is removing the font to his garden, and rightly. The equality of the baptized parishioners is at an end and few regard the priests as the dispensers of the Sacraments. It were painful and needless to linger more on the fall of the old order; the outward and visible signs of its ruin appear: the mouldering church porch and the tottering church rafters and grass-grown churchyard paths, and three-deckers, and the fading green baize cushions in the pews, and the Vestry of plural votes, and the bitter cry of peasant hate.

Our fathers' days and our own have seen the parish church rise again from its ruins. They have seen it once more filled with eager and loving worshippers.

But though the church has a congregation it is no more one with the parish. The parish has too often stood not for, but against church restoration, and the law declares that its duty to repair the church is at an end. Bucolic radicalism has moreover played with it strange tricks. It has defined a parish as a place for which a separate overseer is or may be appointed: it has set up a "parish council", which may discuss rates; but may give the parishioners neither a sermon nor a circus. The old Vestry remains, with its plural voters, to discuss sacred things, the most horrible and painful anachronism in the land. The parish of history, the parish that made merry England will perchance some day live again—but only when as in the knightly years Englishmen are one in Sacraments and faith.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.*

THE history of Marie-Joseph-Rose-Tascher de La Pagerie, better known as the Empress Josephine, would furnish a good subject for the author of "L'Aiglon". It is full of dramatic situations, the character of Napoleon is of that Titanic nature which lends itself to drama, and if Josephine herself falls short of a true heroine of tragedy she is at times at least a pathetic figure. The daughter of a Creole planter of Martinique, Josephine left her native island for France in 1779, to become at the age of sixteen the wife of Alexandre Vicomte de Beauharnais. The marriage, which had been one "de convenance", was not at first a happy one, and a separation was the result. In 1788 Josephine returned to her parents with her daughter Hortense, leaving her son under the care of his father; and the prophecy of the native Sibyl who according to the local tradition had in her youth foretold that she should be Queen of France seemed indeed unlikely to be fulfilled. The French Revolution of 1789 however drew her into its vortex. Martinique, like S. Domingo, became the prey to a racial struggle between the whites and the negroes, and her husband anxious for a reconciliation urged her to leave the disturbed island and join him in Paris. She agreed to leaving Martinique for good in September 1790 and taking Hortense with her.

For the next three years the life of Josephine is closely connected with that of her husband. The Vicomte who now appears to have abandoned the frivolities of his earlier years—the cause of their estrangement—had been elected a deputy to the States-General of 1789 by the nobles of Blois, but was one of the first to join the Tiers État, and supported the constitutional party led by Lafayette and Barnave. He was twice President of the National Assembly, once during the critical period of the King's attempted flight in June 1791. Then disgusted at the turn of affairs in France he like many others was fain to escape from the tyranny at home and to fight for that liberty which was denied him in his own land. He accordingly rejoined the army where he rapidly rose, and in May 1793 was appointed General-in-Chief of the Army of the Rhine. He failed however to relieve Mayence, was recalled, arrested as a suspect and in June 1794 arraigned before the Revolutionary Tribunal. His case was a hopeless one. He was a *ci-devant* noble, his eldest brother was serving with the hated Emigrés, he had failed in the impossible task of relieving Mayence, and three days before the overthrow of Robespierre he fell a victim to the guillotine. At the age of thirty-one Josephine was thus left a widow. Her real life was now to begin. For the next year she appears to have supported herself and her children on remittances from her mother, until by the help of Tallien she recovered some of the confiscated estates of her husband. She had made the acquaintance of the notorious Mme. Tallien in prison. They had both escaped by the sudden fall of Robespierre, and her enemies have not failed to declare that she received assistance from Barras at the price of her virtue. But although these charges have not been disproved, and Mr. Ober's attempt to do so is singularly disappointing—neither

have they been proved. We may therefore give her the benefit of the doubt.

On 9 March 1796, eighteen months after the execution of Beauharnais, she became the wife of Bonaparte who at the age of twenty-six had just been appointed to the command of the Army of Italy. Where or how the young general first made the acquaintance of his future wife and what were his motives in seeking her hand are still matters of controversy. With his fortune to make, Bonaparte might have chosen worse. Josephine was connected with some of the most honourable of the French noblesse who had thrown themselves on the popular side, and yet were unstained by the cruelties of the Terror; while her sufferings during that period and the fate of her husband would in the moment of reaction be looked upon as an honour. "When he married the widow Beauharnais", says Mme. de Rémusat, "Bonaparte believed that he was allying himself to a very great lady: his marriage therefore was one conquest the more". Whatever may have been the original motive, it can scarcely be doubted that Bonaparte soon became violently enamoured. All accounts agree in describing Josephine as a woman who if not actually pretty had an extraordinary grace, elegance, charm and esprit.

Bonaparte was a man whose emotions like all else about him were, if changeable, very masterful. He determined to win her and won her as he fought his battles, and having won her he demanded the service of her whole being. Very different was the attitude of his bride. If we are to believe Mme. Le Normand she would have preferred General Hoche to "the little Bonaparte". Nor are there wanting those who accuse Josephine of actual infidelity during the earlier days of her marriage. On these points reliable evidence is not obtainable—and Mr. Ober does not help us. An easier and a more natural explanation than that of infidelity suggests itself. It was hardly to be expected that one who had lately lost her first husband through so tragic a death could have responded at once to the ardent passion of her new lover. It may well be doubted whether a woman of much intensity of feeling or depth of character would have accepted Bonaparte's offer at all. Now all evidence goes to show that Josephine was deficient in these qualities. Hers was one of those shallow natures that are but slightly affected by passing troubles, and are incapable of much passion. She had surrendered to the fiery wooing of the impetuous soldier, but her indolent easy-going Creole nature could not catch the flame, and his transports wearied when they did not positively frighten her. She was well content with the easy circumstances which her marriage had brought her. She loved her comfortable home in Paris. She had no desire to share the anxieties and the hurry of the Italian campaign, and in spite of his prayers and commands only joined him at the end of June. Her exacting husband was of course far from satisfied: "I write often and you rarely. I send you a thousand kisses as hot as yours are cold." On returning to Milan from his army in November he finds that she has left for Genoa, and bitterly bids her not to interrupt her pleasures for one for whom she no longer cares. At another moment he is furious through jealousy. "What affair prevents you from writing to your good lover? What tender affection stifles your love for me? Josephine, take care, one night the doors will be forced and I shall be with you." Small wonder that Josephine says, "This man, extraordinary in everything, was of a furiously jealous disposition: often and much did I suffer from his suspicions. I could not see, I could not receive visits from anybody, without being subject to the most unfavourable interpretation. . . . I shall always remember those journeys to Italy; never shall I forget the tears I shed."

On their return from Italy a quarrel occurred and she was driven from her house. During the Egyptian campaign matters became worse: and needless to say there were plenty of enemies eager to damage the reputation of the too successful woman. Although by this time the ardour of Bonaparte, it would seem, had somewhat abated and he had liaisons of his own, he was now, as a person of world-wide importance, furious that the infidelities of his wife should make him "the laughing stock of the imbeciles of Paris".

* "Josephine: Empress of the French." By Frederick A. Ober. London: Unwin. 1901. 7s. 6d. net.

He therefore angrily accused her of playing the coquette with all the world. Josephine wrote a dignified repudiation of the charge. There is no definite evidence against her. Unfortunately when Bonaparte reached Paris after his perilous journey from Egypt he found her absent. She had hastened to meet him and missed him on the way. The brothers of Bonaparte were eager for a divorce. But he accepted her explanation which was in all likelihood a true one. They were reconciled once more, and even malice has not any charge to bring against her character thereafter.

Nevertheless things were no longer as they had been. Bonaparte's fierce passion had passed away—it may be partly owing to suspicions of his wife's infidelity. He had had his own love affairs in Egypt and these were continued after his return. The double standard of morals for man and woman was held to palliate his amours and Josephine was forced to condone them; nay even was made a confidante. When first he married Josephine he had looked upon her as one who could forward his interests. He had exaggerated her importance. Though she had done something to conciliate the old noblesse her influence had been weakened by the revolutionary sympathies of her first husband. She was indeed of some assistance in the intrigues which preceded the overthrow of the Directory by the coup d'état of Brumaire. She gathered secret information in her salon. She carried on negotiations with the accomplices of that coup d'état and beguiled its victims, amongst others Gohier, one of the few incorruptible members of the Directory. When however Bonaparte became First Consul, he no longer needed her help. The Bourbons sought to enlist her sympathies in their scheme of a restoration, but Bonaparte had no intention of playing the part of a second Monk and plainly told her so.

His letters now become less frequent and shorter: we miss the glowing passion of his earlier style, and the longest are those which reproach her with her reckless extravagance and expenditure. Advancing years and the preoccupations of his world-wide ambitions may in part account for this. Yet it is difficult to avoid the conviction that the man has changed; that Bonaparte has found his wife incapable of the intensity of love he has demanded, and that already the idea of a divorce for political reasons is secretly entertained. Nor does Josephine appear to have suffered very deeply. Delighting in her position as wife of the First Consul and then as Empress, more especially in the opportunities it gave her for lavish expenditure in dress, she lived an easy and contented life amidst the whirl of festivities and receptions, for which her elegance and grace well fitted her. Not that the Empress was altogether heartless. She still bore an affectionate remembrance of her mother, whom she tried to bring to France; she was ever a fond mother to Eugène and Hortense her children by her first husband, and was grateful to Napoleon for the benefits he conferred upon them; she loved to relieve the poor, and was kind to all with whom she came in contact. Yet she was one of those simple, rather foolish women who have not the depth or strength of character to feel very acutely the tragedy of life. When at last the blow fell and Napoleon announced to her that political necessity demanded that she should be sacrificed she was for a moment overwhelmed. Husband and wife were drawn together again and something of the old passion glimmers in his letters and treatment of her. But she soon acquiesced in her destiny with a dignity and self-restraint which command our respect, although we are forced against our wish to doubt whether one who had felt her situation more deeply could have behaved with such consummate propriety.

And so Josephine passes away out of the life of her great husband. He still corresponded with her from time to time, calling her "his friend". But it is doubtful whether they ever met again. Yet they could not entirely forget the past. On the news of Napoleon's exile to Elba she exclaimed "If it were not for his wife I should demand to go with him"; and when the great conqueror died it is said that a locket was found round his neck containing her portrait.

The career of Josephine is of some importance from an historical, or rather from a biographical point of view.

The part she played in the political world was not great, but as Mr. Ober puts it "Her life is the canvas upon which, in strong relief, we may find the character of that great genius with whom her fortune was so intimately associated. . . . The history of Josephine's life is therefore necessary to complete that of Napoleon: to soften the stern and martial figure that shines isolate in his battles: in fact to give a human aspect to one who has been declared devoid of the tenderer traits of humanity". No doubt Josephine has been the victim of much malice, and her enemies have never, as far as we know, been able to prove their accusations; but it is some years since M. Aubenas wrote his book and the time has come for a careful review of all the material which has since come to hand. The work before us cannot be said adequately to answer the need. The authorities are quoted with little criticism: very few references are given: nor can we agree with Mr. Ober's estimate of Josephine. He nowhere seems thoroughly to appreciate the shallowness of her character which to our mind is the real key to the enigma of her life, and which prevents us from placing her among the great heroines of history.

SCOTTISH PAINTERS IN EDINBURGH.

WRITING about the Glasgow Exhibition and the interesting work by Scottish painters shown there I expressed a regret that the managers had not made a fuller collection of national painting, giving a rest to the more hackneyed English school of the last century. Shortly afterwards there was opened in Edinburgh, in the galleries of the Scottish Academy, an exhibition that goes far to supplement that in Glasgow. I have had an opportunity, a little late in the day, of seeing it, and advise any English visitors who can spare a day from Glasgow, to do likewise before it closes. Adding in the examples to be found under the same roof in the charming Scottish National Gallery, they will have gained a fair idea of the school from Raeburn down to Chalmers and Fraser.

A whole room is given to Raeburn. It would bear weeding, for there are many pieces that only show up Raeburn as the mannerist of caoutchouc depressions at the corners of eyes and mouths, of forced red shadow, of cold-cream complexions, of papery-crinkled draperies. The eyes must be resolutely shut against these traitors and fixed on the pictures that proclaim him a portrait-inventor of extraordinary gift, a master of dignity, humour and seduction, a painter on easy happy terms with paint, a colourist sure of certain effects, surprised and inspired to others less safe and common.

In commanding presence, inventiveness of pose, completeness on a big scale and in a big style the famous "Dr. Nathaniel Spens" takes the first place. He is dressed in the ancient uniform of the "Royal Archers", the King's bodyguard in Scotland. This means a tartan coat of green and blue check with white shoulder-belts crossing on a gilt badge, white breeches and a splendidly picturesque plumed bonnet. The wearer of this bravery is an old gentleman with a fine ruddy-jovial complexion and choleric-humorous features in act to take aim at some imaginary cock robin in defence of His Majesty's person. The design of the arms stretching the bow, of the face and bonnet over the tan-coloured glove, is magnificent, and the adjustment of flat and solid in the colour-mosaic as nice as the mixture of dignity and fun in the subject. Near this is a first-rate example of Raeburn's ideal of beauty and seduction (there are too many second-rate), the "Portrait of a Lady" (148) belonging to Mr. Arthur Sanderson. Dark ringlets cluster close to the little round head and sweep a transparent shadow across the eyes. The face, neck and bust make one brightness (just a trifle explosive at a distance) broken by few markings—the full, sharply defined shadow under the nose, and the red lips, slightly parted, for the chief of them. There is less doctoring of shadows with vermilion than usual, some delicate painting where the ear passes out of light; and the rounding of the chin, the painting of the curls, the enjoyment of the pattern these cut upon the brow and cheek, the

swimming depth of the eyes show the painter wrought up to a zealous effort over a fashion of beauty he loved, but often treated carelessly. The portrait of Mrs. Kinnear (173) deserves to be put after this and is even more remarkable for its artfulness. This beauty is more mature; and Raeburn has thrown a black lace veil over the shoulders and arms, concentrating his dazzle on the head and neck. "Mrs. McCall of Ibroxhill" (163), a beautiful and melancholy face, strikes a note of higher distinction than most of Raeburn's dames. "Mrs. James Campbell" (145) is one of his humorous old ladies, the painting of her mouth astonishing for its sleight-of-hand. The group of Lady Perth and her little girl (166) is not of first quality throughout; the forms are too square and flat, but it is ingeniously arranged, with its green garden seat, spray of rose in the child's hand, and the brilliant scarlet note of her shoe. There are felicities of detail of the same sort in another group of three children (Patersons of Huntly, No. 169), an apple-branch held against the sky and a striped puce and white waistcoat against a scarlet jacket.

Thomson of Duddingston might pass for a master if one only of his landscapes had been shown. His dream of the Highlands is complete in this without the disastrous jarring stuff he so often introduces. There is sun-grey mountain and ruined castle, silver sky and dark full sea, the whole expressed in rich mysterious pastes like Turner's early work. In No. 8, "Castle Urquhart", on the other hand, a fatal tree is brought in to throw the distance back. This distance of castle and rock in broad ghostly sunlight is itself well conceived.

Of Wilkie there are two delightful little early pieces; an old man romping with a child and dog and "The Jew's Harp". The "Rabbit on the Wall" is a little leathery compared with these, and the other pictures are in the swishy late manner when new ideas of painting were at war with habit and method.

From these we pass to the period when Watson-Gordon (1788-1869) carried on the line of handsome portraiture that has never been extinct in Scotland; when Scott-Lauder was training, by study in Italy and the practice of his own unsatisfactory troubled art the teacher of Orchardson, Pettie, MacTaggart and the rest, and when David Scott and Dyce groped for a new imaginative art, a generation before the Pre-Raphaelites. David Scott had an untoward, ugly, elvish nature in love with awe and mystery. Some of his work is curiously like Madox Brown's in dramatic energy and cross temper (Scott died in the birth year of the P.R.B.). He left a legacy of fancy to an artist even less happily endowed by nature for painting, but a darling of the public for his sentiment, Noel Paton, and to that curious figure, William Fettes Douglas, who took over the subjects of diablerie and alchemy purely to enjoy the painting of their bric-a-brac. There is a large number of his pictures here, full of a certain skill and pleasure in opposition of tapestry colours to ivory and india-red. He escaped from this line once at least to paint a remarkable landscape of Stonehaven Harbour, shown at one of the last of the Grosvenor Galleries. There is a sketch for it here, and also a charming portrait sketch of Alexander Fraser. Of David Scott himself there is nothing so good as the "Puck" at Glasgow.

One of the surprises of the Glasgow collection is the charming portrait of his little child by William Dyce. Its arrangement, its method, and above all its admirable childlikeness suggest a study of Rembrandt and a knowledge of the picture that used to be called the "Prince of Orange". It is a remarkable thing that a man should turn aside from the career he marked out for himself and pursued with tenacity, that of academic painting founded on Raphael, to snatch a success in so different a school. In the "historical" manner Dyce attained a certain dry proficiency but never touched a point nearly so high as this portrait marks in his parenthetical excursion. I visited the Edinburgh exhibition with some curiosity to see whether anything of the same quality would be found there. There is nothing so good, but there is another little child, "Miss Harriet Welwood" (27) of the same group of portraits. She is designed somewhat after the pattern of "Pene-

lope Boothby", and very well designed and comprehended; but abandonment to his good genius did not soften and silence the schoolmaster in Dyce so completely and tempt his hand on into painting. The work is more horny and shiny, wants the rich envelopment and depth of the other. I believe the case is commoner in the arts than is supposed that a man fights by all the forces of his education and critical taste against his natural gift. Dyce set the South Kensington Schools of Design going, killed himself over the legend of Arthur in the Queen's Robing Room at Westminster, was full of ingenious ideas about teaching art and of learning about fresco painting; but of such as this little child was his real kingdom, if he had known it. Another portrait is of his mother, clearly an early work, before he had any skill in drawing. Another portrait with plenty of character, is the "Alexander Webster" (138). There is also a depressed little landscape something after the manner of the "Pegwell Bay" at the Tate.

With John Phillip (1817-1867) a fresh draught was made upon the past, not of Italy or Holland this time, but of Spain. How astoundingly near Phillip came to the painting of Velazquez his copy of a part of "Las Meninas" in the Diploma Gallery shows: there was no virtuoso to touch him in his time, and Millais in his later style must have learnt from him. As with so many painters, Scottish and English, his imagination and taste were not equal to his powers of rendering, and his pictures give wonderful patches of work discounted by a determination to screw up the pitch at every point of the composition, to over-labour expression in the service of a trifling idea. The "National Lottery" is one of his ambitious pieces, of the family of "La Gloria" in the adjoining gallery. Among the other pictures shown here, none is more interesting than a portrait "Mrs. Glen" (88). It is evidently founded on the "Nelly O'Brien" of Reynolds in its pose, rose-quilted skirt, blues, and pet dog in the lady's lap. It aims at a more dazzling pitch of colour and nearly breaks through into a high magic silvery key, but hesitates with a suspicion of too much colour everywhere.

Alexander Fraser (1828-1899) is the most satisfactory of the landscape school that succeeded. His work is remarkable for sharpness of drawing in tree stems and foliage without losing sense of envelopment. Wintour, his contemporary, more romantic in intention, is too loose, too remote from the precise mystery of the forms of nature.

G. P. Chalmers (1833-1878) is the last who need be considered here. There are several examples, in portraiture and incident, of the silvery light and dark he aimed at on the instigation of Israels. But there is also an early portrait of Pettie, simpler in its aim and admirable in strength of character and expressiveness of drawing. Pettie's own excellent drawing and over-flashy colour are well illustrated. D. S. M.

A MEANS OF GRACE FOR THE DRAMA.

CURSORILY, some time ago, I suggested that theatres ought to be opened, and plays enacted, in the morning, not in the evening. Were I a public speaker, this suggestion would doubtless have been punctuated by the reporter with "(a laugh)". Being merely a writer, I have not even the solace of knowing that it amused anyone. It certainly did nothing more. Yet it deserved very serious discussion. For, were it carried out, we should soon have something very like a respectable national drama.

No unbiassed person will contend that we have anything like that at present. Serious plays draw the public only when they are supposed to be "risky". Prosperity bends her beaming face down on the music halls and on the theatres devoted to musical comedy, and the overflow from these places of delight finds its way either to such farces as "Why Jones Left Home", or to such sentimental comedies as "When We Were Twenty-One"—farces that are to art as practical jokes are to wit, sentimental comedies that are to art as the

mingled sobs and chuckles of a man ejected from a public-house are to true tears and laughter. Why does the public thus neglect dramatic art? Not, as the dilettanti tell us, because there is no dramatic art for it to neglect. We have several dramatists who show themselves capable of doing fine work, and who occasionally do it. But the public does not encourage them, unless it suspects them of trying to undermine its morals. In France, in Germany, such artists would have their reward, immediately and constantly. Why not in England? The obvious answer is that England is not an artistic nation; and the answer is true, so far as it goes. We are a nation of practical men, whose genius is commercial. It is said by many experts (whether truly or not I cannot judge) that as "shopkeepers" we are falling off, growing rusty and letting other nations get ahead of us. But nobody ever attributes to us any attempt to compensate ourselves for diminishing prosperity by becoming artistic. Art and great commercial success seldom thrive together in one nation, and it is probable that in Germany dramatic art will be less encouraged proportionately as her citizens grow richer and richer. In time her drama will sink to the level of ours. But, instead of waiting placidly for that time, might we not make, meanwhile, a spirited effort to put our drama on a level with hers? We need not fear that this would be a forlorn hope. "Not an artistic nation" means, not a nation incapable of artistic emotion, but a nation whose capacity for such emotion is not spontaneous. There are ways of choking such capacity, and ways of fostering it. The surest way to choke it in regard to drama is to fix the time for playgoing after sunset—that is, after dinner or after high-tea, as the case may be. The surest way of fostering it would be to fix that time in the early morning—to make breakfast the preliminary tonic to drama, and lunch, as supper is now, the anodyne.

At present, we have to playgo either in the evening or in the afternoon. Neither time is propitious. In either of them the most artistic creature is not truly fit to cope with art; how much less so, the average Englishman! The morning always has been recognised as the time when the functions of the brain and the heart are best performed. In the morning all our faculties are agog. We are fresh from sleep. We come into the sordid world purged by our repose from it, with all that in us is divine and elemental restored to us, ascendent in us, for a little while. Our hearts, so slack when we went to sleep, so slack from the thrumming fingers of day, are tight-strung again now. A touch makes them vibrant. Solemn or enchanting chords quiver from them. In fact, we can feel finely. And, just as our emotions are in proper trim, so are our brains. We cerebrate clearly, cleanly, assimilating facts, detecting fallacies, at a glance. We are as receptive as tiny children, yet, unlike them, able to reason from our learning. Like the shining day itself, we are young. In the afternoon, like the day, we are middle-aged already. The dust and dirt of actual life cling about us. We are tired, disillusioned, sedentary, looking back wistfully at the mistakes we have made, wishing, with I know not what of bitterness in our hearts, that we could live our lost morning over again. For after lunch we cannot originate. We are still in possession of all our faculties, but we cannot make them do for us anything new. In a word, we are middle-aged. As the sun westers we become old men, and as it sinks we die. At dinner-time we are born again. But the new life that dinner gives us is a horribly inferior article in comparison with that new life which is the gift of generous sleep. A jolly life, if you will, yet hectic, treacherous, and, in its essence, gross. The glow of meats and wines and artificial lights recreate you after the lassitude produced by your day's work. They make a man of you. But what kind of a man? Emotionally, a sensualist, and a sentimentalist, too. Intellectually, a windbag. You have the capacity for feeling, but only the grosser, with the sillier, human emotions find entry, coming in their grossest and silliest forms. You have (I address, of course, the average reader) the capacity for thinking, but you think only in rough outlines and lurid tones. You

exaggerate, loquaciously. Your tongue runs away with you, and you enjoy the sensation. You enjoy the sound of your own voice. You are impatient of other voices, for you wish to give forth what is in you, and have no room to take in what comes from anyone else, dinner having robbed your brain of all its receptivity. It is in this aggressive, irreceptive mood of the brain, and in that gross mood of the heart, that you do habitually go to the play. What is the kind of play likeliest to satisfy such a spirit? The kind of play that makes no demands whatever on your intellect, while it appeals through false pathos to your sentimentalism, or through horse-play to your high spirits, or to your sensuality through a pretty chorus dancing to the sound of cheery little tunes. No wonder, then, since the managers of our theatres are mostly wise in their generation, that drama, as an art-form, does not thrive among us. In France, in Germany, it thrives, despite evening performances, because the French and the Germans are naturally artistic, and can, even after dinner, more or less apprehend and appreciate fine art. But it would thrive there far more fully if plays were acted in the morning, for the morning is the time when all human beings think and feel to the utmost of their capacity. Even as for transaction of important business, or for solemn rites of religion, the morning is everywhere recognised as the proper time, because the requisite qualities of brain or heart are then untainted, so should the morning be recognised as also the ideal time for playgoing. Perhaps you have never seen a play performed in the morning. I happen to have seen many plays rehearsed so. And I assure you that I have always appreciated them—their goodness or their badness—far more keenly than when I have seen them, later, in the usual way. Draw on your own experience in other arts. You may once have heard, early in the morning, some fine familiar piece of music, and been thrilled by it with a thrill that it had never given you before, and have wondered, when next you heard it at some concert in afternoon or evening, that you could not recapture that ecstasy. Or, with tourist-like determination to "do" thoroughly some foreign town in which you have found yourself, you may have gone early in the morning to a picture gallery, and been enthralled there by some picture, which, in the afternoon, when you come back to see it, somehow disappointed you, not seeming quite so wonderful. The fault, believe me, was not in the picture, but in yourself—in the self that the day had been busily blunting and marring. Art does not reveal her secrets unless you go to her as a child might go. And it is only in the morning that you are child like. It is only then that your soul is fresh and free, worthy of the sacrament.

In the morning, then, in the quite early morning, the London theatres should be open, and in the evening never. Imagine a musical comedy on which the curtain rose at 9 A.M.! How rightly we should be revolted by it, seeing it in its true colours, in all its grossness and inanity! Or imagine what in these conditions would become of such plays as *Mr. Esmond* and *Captain Hood* now confect for our maudlin pleasure! We should shift away all such trash very quickly, should we not? On the other hand, we should make a good deal of our masterpieces. We should cry out for more masterpieces, and our cry would be answered. In every theatre . . . Utopian, am I? In the morning the community is hard at work? Then let all the houses of business be closed in the morning and remain open in the evening. But we are still by way of being a business-like nation? And the morning, as I said, is the only proper time for business? Well, I admit that you have posed me. But an idea is not the less serious because it cannot be realised. A dream is not the less true for unfulfilment. MAX.

PHOENIX-ATLAS-PELICAN.

IT is now announced that provisional arrangements have been entered into for two of the amalgamations among insurance companies, which we referred to last week as being rumoured. The Fire department of the

Atlas is to be joined with the Phoenix, under the name of the "Phoenix and Atlas Fire Office, Limited". The capitals, funds, assets, directorates and staffs of the two companies are to amalgamate, and Mr. S. J. Pipkin, the general manager of the Atlas, will become the general manager of the joint company. The subscribed capital of the Phoenix and Atlas respectively is £2,688,800 and £1,200,000; the paid-up capital £268,880 and £144,000. The funds are respectively £1,307,955 and £496,333, while the premium income is £1,268,974 and £435,355. It is an open secret that the principal reason for the amalgamation is the desire of the Phoenix to secure the services of Mr. Pipkin, and, as he declined to leave the Atlas, the only way of bringing about the result was to arrange for a combination of the two offices. During the seventeen years in which Mr. Pipkin has been secretary of the Atlas the fire premiums have increased from less than £100,000 per annum to over £435,000; and the dividend has gone up from 15s. to 24s. per share.

With one exception we regard the amalgamation as undoubtedly beneficial to everybody concerned. The joint office is sure of excellent management; the connexions of both partners are valuable in the extreme, and in combination they will be more attractive than ever to policy-holders. Consequently the result to the shareholders can scarcely fail to be gratifying. It is almost a truism that in insurance matters bigness attracts business. This may be due to the fact that magnitude causes the company to be well known to the public, and that policy-holders prefer to insure with a well-known, rather than with a little-known office; but in Fire insurance matters there is a more solid reason in favour of magnitude. The larger the operations of a company the more it is able to spread its risks, and the more likely it is to experience average results, thus avoiding the inconvenience and the danger of serious loss in bad years. In the recent past several other Fire insurance companies have grown to great size by a combination of magnitude and natural growth, and this makes it the more necessary that other offices desiring to obtain their due share of the business should also maintain their position by corresponding increase of business.

The only people to whom such a combination as that of the Phoenix and the Atlas is detrimental are the officials of the two companies. Experience has proved that amalgamations frequently tend to block promotion, and it is to be hoped that all possible care will be taken to prevent the change operating to the detriment of the officials. The staffs of our great insurance companies normally work in a very whole-hearted way in the interests of their offices. Their remuneration is not usually very large during the earlier years of service, and the prospects of ultimate promotion, and practically a position for life are among the inducements to take up a career in a British insurance office. We feel sure that the proprietors of companies like the Atlas and Phoenix would wish every generosity to be shown to their officials, and every care to be taken that a change by which the shareholders will surely benefit should not involve the disappointment of any legitimate expectations on the part of those who contribute so largely to the success of the companies.

The amalgamation of the Atlas with the Pelican is mainly appropriate and satisfactory, in consequence of the Pelican and the Phoenix having been so closely identified in the past. We cannot but recognise that as a Life office the Atlas is greatly superior to the Pelican; its methods are more up-to-date, and its financial position appreciably stronger. The funds and the premium income of the Atlas are larger than those of the Pelican, and the recent progress of the Atlas has been considerably the greater of the two. It is true that the Pelican came into existence in 1797, eleven years earlier than the Atlas; but except for this point of seniority it would seem more appropriate that the combined offices should be called Atlas and Pelican, rather than Pelican and Atlas. Every confidence may be felt that due justice will be maintained between the policy-holders of the two offices; but at the same time it is appropriate to point out that a man who has taken a policy with the Atlas has made a better bargain than

one who has assured with the Pelican, and that the superiority of this transaction should be recognised after amalgamation as much as if no combination had taken place. The shareholders in the Pelican can scarcely fail in any circumstances to benefit by the change, and the proprietors of the Atlas will doubtless take care that they too obtain such terms as shall make the amalgamation advantageous to them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAN-HISPANO AMERICANISM.—II.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Either by accident or by design it appears by newspaper reports that Colombia is about to declare a national war on Venezuela. Nothing can well be further from the truth. The position in Colombia is briefly this; for the last fifteen years the clericals have been in power. During all that period by one means or another the liberty both of religion and of the press has been abolished. All public education, except that of the priest-controlled schools, has practically ceased. Heretics, that is those who are not Catholics, are refused burial in the cemeteries, which are all Catholic. Now though it may be but of small matter, what happens to a man's body when the illusory principle of life, soul, spirit or what you choose to call it has left the envelope which gives it life, still many men, and in especial those of Spanish ancestry, attach importance to disintegrating in consecrated earth.

Valueless paper currency has been issued to an enormous extent. Before the present revolution, this currency had fallen 300 per cent., i.e., three hundred paper dollars only purchased one hundred dollars gold. To-day it fluctuates upwards starting from 300 per cent., and may as far as one can see depreciate enormously till a new issue of paper will become imperative. In all that time (15 years) no railways have been made, all public works are at a standstill, and worst of all the enormous prison at Santa Fe de Bogota, called the Panopticon, contains about three thousand prisoners. All of these are of the opposing party, placed there on account of the principles which they profess. In this Panopticon all kinds of torture are freely used, men are kept chained with heavy chains perpetually, till the sores made on their arms and legs become indelible. That this is so I know from having seen victims of the Panopticon with the chain marks deeply bitten into their flesh. Meanwhile hundreds of friars and nuns pervade the country teaching no doubt that which they believe is right, but still doing their best to keep the people in their bondage.

Now, personally, I hold that principles, being, as they are, but the lowest common denominator of the intellect of the least favoured minds, must needs be false. Still as an Englishman I think that they should be allowed their free expressions if only that mankind may find out their futility. In railroads I have but a mere modified delight, thinking them handy things to invest one's money in, convenient in wet weather, and cheaper on the whole to travel by than is a camel or a mule. Still as the last word of progress they leave something to desire. For nuns and friars I have no hatred, having lived much of my life where they are plentiful. I even think them picturesque (especially in opera,) and have received much kindness from them at divers times and seasons. But as rulers of a country they seem to me inadequate, or to be accurate too adequate, their government being too comprehensive in its nature for my conversion. At last driven to despair the Liberals of Colombia, denied all representation in Congress and in the provincial assemblies, in October 1900 took up arms, and under General Uribe have since that time been in the field. The insurrection has its chief strength in the province of Antioquia, which is inhabited by a hardy race, chiefly engaged in agriculture and in cattle raising.

Finding the war going gradually against them,

the clerical party now in power has striven (it is an old device of governments) to distract attention from what is going on at home, by getting into difficulties with a sister state. What really is on foot is a struggle to the death between a mediæval clericalism, and the evolution of a modern state. Neither may be an ideal form of government, but still the issue has been so much obscured that a plain explanation of the facts may be interesting. The irony of the whole affair is that the present President of Colombia, Don Jose Marroquin, is a man of culture, an author of no mean abilities, and has produced in his fine book "El Moro", the life and adventures of a horse from an equine point of view, a work which for its wealth of local colour, and deep sympathy with the other, or so called lower, animals, entitles him to the highest rank in modern Spanish-American literature. The fact that filibustering European friars and priests look upon the three republics as fields from which they may recoup themselves for their losses in European countries, in nowise prevents Colombia, Venezuela, and Ecuador from standing outside the movement of Pan-Americanism, which largely originated after the Hispano-American war, and on account of the terror of their powerful neighbour in the north. Hispano-America for the Hispano-Americans is briefly the essence of the great movement, which is about to unite all the descendants of the Spaniards, and the Portuguese, from Mexico down to Cape Horn. In states such as Colombia, where the actual government probably prefers the exercise of power uncontrolled to national existence, no doubt a party may exist favourable to the intervention of the North Americans. In no one other State in the whole continent, if delegates are to be trusted, does anything but terror of absorption, and disgust at the form which progress seems to take in the United States, exist.

It is to be remembered that both the Spaniards and their descendants in America are infinitely more democratic socially than are either the English or the Americans. In hardly any of the Spanish-American States is colour the least bar to political advancement. Juarez the liberator of the Mexicans from Maximilian and his French ragamuffins (I use the word advisedly for General Bazaine was their chief) was a pure-blooded Indian. Thus by the dwellers in the various republics the lynchings, torturings and burnings of the negroes are regarded with as much horror as is a bullfight by the average Englishman, or as a pheasant battue, or a fatal glove fight, by an inhabitant of Spain. By the same section who in the war between America and Spain so patriotically grovelled like spaniels before America, and afterwards, when the Boer war broke out, received a spaniel's reward in kicks, it may be urged that it would be a step towards what they call progress, meaning thereby the reduction of the South American states to your true Brixton level, if the United States were to attempt to subjugate the entire new continent. Mercifully here there is (as yet) not a Panopticon in which to immure all those who utter their opinions publicly, and opinions such as these have but to be discussed to be laughed out of court.

Firstly neither the United States, nor even the entire Anglo-Saxon race could execute so vast a scheme. The weakness of the United States was never better shown than in the Cuban war, when, if they had had any antagonist but Spain, they must have met condign disgrace, so faulty were all their arrangements, as their own press has shown. The powerful navies and the armies, which if not all yet duly organised, are ready in effect, since almost everyone in all the Spanish-speaking states possesses both a horse and gun, forbid the thought. The congress now to be held in Mexico, under the ægis of Don Porfirio Diaz, the greatest statesman of America, will no doubt quickly solidify the various Spanish-speaking republics, and all of them will look towards Spain, as to the point from which they all have sprung. Confederated and attached to Spain as to a sort of common mother and a rallying point, it may be that the Hispano-American movement is called upon to play a great part in the world. I hope so, thinking that no one nation is fit to govern ultimately any other, and that it is a nobler destiny to be free, and perhaps badly governed by one's own country-

men, than prosperous, well governed, and a slave to foreigners.

I am, &c.,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

[We agree with Mr. Cunningham Graham, whose letters "almost ferocious in their intensity" are as interesting as South American patriotism, and always entertaining, that a United Spanish America would be an infinitely preferable alternative to a South America swallowed up by the United States. But there is something odd in finding Mr. Graham among the Liberals. Anti-clericalism was perhaps the nearest thing to a principle to be found among the total stock-in-trade of that liberal policy, whose conception of progress—free press, franchise, mass meetings, telegraphs, railways, general dead level, universal ugliness—was precisely that which Mr. Graham is now championing in Colombia. Really if a Hispano-America is merely to be another exposition of Liberal progress, it is difficult to see why the country should go through the pain of parturition. The end would be gained more quickly, more smoothly, and more certainly by absorption in the States. But we have belief in a better Spanish-America, which may follow an ideal of its own not borrowed from Anglo-Saxon Liberalism.—ED. S.R.]

EXAMINATIONS IN UTOPIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eccles, 23 September, 1901.

SIR,—May I call Mr. Munro's attention to the following extract taken from a "Manchester Guardian" report of the British Association meetings from Sir John Gorst's speech in closing the proceedings of the education section? He said that there were three kinds of examinations—the valuable and useful, the unavoidable, and the purely mischievous. By the first class he meant those by which teachers ascertained whether the students understood and appreciated the instruction they had given. The unavoidable examinations were those referred to by Professor Miall to see whether students were fit to go higher. But how unhappy was the lot of the boys and girls who were trained in this country to be elementary school teachers—they had to devote the rest of their time to cramming into the memory facts about history and geography and science for the purpose of passing an examination—and could not actually be educated at all. Both Sir John and Mr. Munro condemn the examinations which lead to cramming—the examination of information; but I think neither would be so severe upon an examination of ability to solve mathematical and other problems, or better still to construct a coherent essay or work a given experiment. These tests, if taken "in the stride" of ordinary schoolwork are, I think, useful if for no other reason than to make pupils rely on their own exertions and rise to an emergency.

The evils of examinations seem to arise from their being taken too seriously. I have sometimes wondered whether if pupils were encouraged to enter themselves voluntarily for examinations, as they do for athletic contests, we might not thereby avoid some of the evils of the present system—notably the discouragement of the weaker children;—we do not want to give competitors of any kind "the needle" or to fill them with despair. Competition, essential to the interest in athletics, is useful also in schoolwork, but in individual cases only. If, as Mr. Munro suggests, modern educational aims tend towards intellectual socialism, the tendency is to be seen, I should say, in the view that competition is an unsatisfactory basis for a large system rather than in the refusal to make any use of what is after all a natural desire of all ambitious natures. Competition is in its right place among the simple problems of the playing field, but it is a crude instrument for the shaping of a human character, and teachers are I think right in preferring the more

certain—and more modern—methods of combination and co-operation in their work. But just as the sword-maker having forged his blade does not disdain the use of the grindstone, so the teacher is willing to sharpen and temper his handiwork by examination. He wishes however to be sure that the examination is having its right effect; he can be sure of this in his own examinations, but it is in the public examinations for which he is expecting to enter his pupils that the evils of the examination system are most apparent. The reform rather than the abolition of examinations would thus appear to be the more practical object to work for.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 Victoria Street, S.W., 1 October, 1901.

SIR,—I have no desire to dispute with you as to the meaning of the phrase "reductio ad absurdum". You think the words mean one thing; I think they mean another. Let us agree to differ.

But when you say "the individualist position of Mr. Robertson is in itself an absurdity" I am entitled to remind you that this position was held by John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. For my part, I am well content to be "absurd" in such company.

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD STANLEY ROBERTSON,

Hon. Corresponding Secretary Individualist Club.

ANARCHISM AND ATHEISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wick Court, near Bristol, 1 October, 1901.

SIR,—Though this letter is belated for publication, I cannot refrain from writing to suggest that the underlying reason for the world's outburst against anarchists has been missed. The foul murder of Mr. McKinley does not, even in the present age, stand alone for brutal cruelty. We, now living, have experienced as foul murders of Armenians by the Turk and of Chinamen by the Russian. All *quâ the particular facts* equally excite our horror and disgust. But I think it will be admitted that mankind generally regards the late murder in the United States as distinct in kind; I think the horror and disgust it excites are also distinct in kind. If this be so we must look beyond the particular fact of the murder of the particular man. Some deep-seated feeling in mankind must have been affected which was untouched by the other equally brutal murders.

I venture to think that whatever men declare with their lips there is in nearly all a deep-seated belief in an ultimate living cause, in a living God. Even if this feeling be merely instinctive, a bare survival or an unconscious effort (?) at solving the lesser difficulty by the creation of a greater, I think it exists. Now as surely as it is a necessary axiom for the true socialist that a conscious ultimate Deity exists, so surely is it a necessary axiom for the true anarchist that a conscious ultimate Deity does *not* exist.

The anarchists' axiomatic denial of a living first cause explains, I think, the exceptional horror and disgust we feel at the President's murder. Consciously or unconsciously our deep-seated belief in God is outraged—the murderer is not a mere human offender, he is a conspirator against heaven.

I remain,

Yours truly,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

REVIEWS.

THE ITALIAN CITY.

"Italian Cities." By Edwin Howland Blashfield and Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield. 2 vols. London: A. H. Bullen. 1901. 12s.

"Naples, Past and Present." By Arthur H. Norway. London: Methuen. 1901. 6s.

ITALIAN Cities—the mere title is vivid with suggestion and calls up visions of ancient towns couchant on hill-tops, nestled in valleys or stranded by an ebbing sea; each with its dower of peculiar memory, its special high light or gulf of shadow in that chiaroscuro which is Italian history. Failing to render all this, it is yet possible, by charm of individual response, to give a book which shall reveal Italy as mirrored in a temperament. In order to make such wandering essays of value, one of the two gifts is urgently demanded; the writer must be able to transmit an atmosphere or impress a personality. E. H. and E. W. Blashfield are not fortunate in either undertaking. They, like the invaders of other times, have fallen victims to the country which they attempt to claim; they are dazzled by its antique splendours, its complex beauty, and heap epithets without transmitting impressions. The book suffers from the lack of any definite key-note. We pass vaguely from dissertations on art to descriptions of the country, fragments of anecdotal history and personal narrative and confidence. From such random-seeming threads, it is true, a real artist may weave a fabric the more exquisite for its slightness, but here that final art is missing. The style shares the same uncertainty, often graceful, occasionally felicitous, it is sometimes betrayed into "fine writing" or into the most slipshod colloquialisms.

Nevertheless, "Italian Cities" would be an agreeable and instructive companion on actual Italian journeyings. The first essay, that on Ravenna, shows much insight into the curious fascination of that fastness of the marshes; the "city of antitheses", as it is well styled by the authors, which amid decay and desolation holds as permanent record and heritage only its films of painted glass. From a description of the famous mosaics which still shed a Byzantine magnificence over the town of Theodoric the Goth, the writers pass to a careful consideration of the degradation of the Greek art of form, the rising of the Eastern art of colour which are revealed in them. Thence by a natural sequence they reach the studies of Italian painting itself.

The criticisms range from Duccio, Simone Memmi and Giotto to Raphael and Correggio; but though the writers appear to be themselves artists we cannot say that their expositions throw much light on the subject. Vasari has been ransacked for anecdotes and recent French critics for appraisements—Ruskin being of course condescendingly dismissed in passing. The result is readable; not revealing. In their historical allusions the writers are distinctly less happy. The flippant passage which accuses Siena of sending "ecstatic nuns on important missions" cannot but jar on those who reverence the lofty and statesman-like spirit of S. Catherine. And what bewilderment of ideas is suggested by the rhetorical affirmation that "The ashes of Savonarola, which were sown broadcast to the wind, have borne seed in the days when the land cherishes the dust of patriots and writes upon the stones of its cities the names of Garibaldi and Mazzini"! What had Savonarola, the prophet and champion of foreign invasion, who preached the freedom of Florence and the enslavement of Pisa with the same awful emphasis of divine sanction—what had that great and greatly misguided soul to do with the unity and independence of modern Italy? S. Francis and his Assisi are far more adequately treated, with a sensitive understanding of "The love that with Beatrice's poet became religion, the religion that with S. Francis became love".

A study of the art of Italian towns can scarcely be held adequate when, among other omissions, it ignores Orvieto with the austere glories of Signorelli and has not a word for Lombardy, Luini's wistful visions in Milan, Gaudenzio Ferrari's rapt, upborne angel throngs

at Saronno. Again—but it would be too easy to stray from the beaten tracks, which is just what E. H. and E. W. Blashfield never presume to do. And after all, omissions are often more excusable than inclusions. It would perhaps be too unkind a counsel of perfection to point the authors of the gossipy and superficial "Florentine Artist" to the Tuscan masterpieces of Vernon Lee; but it is allowable to inquire why, among thoughtful if not inspired studies, place should be made for the thrice-told tale of "In Florence with Romola". Evidently the authors have no definite view as to the public to which they address themselves, and by that very uncertainty they have decided the question. They do not appeal to the small public desirous of pure literature.

In "Naples, Past and Present" Mr. Arthur H. Norway has frankly avowed his intention of producing a supplement to a guide-book. In this capacity his volume might be welcomed, but when he goes on to say that he has endeavoured to obtain "broad, general views", the reader lapses into bewilderment. One broad view and one only does Mr. Norway present: he depicts admirably the structural lines and changes in the volcanic country round Naples. For the rest, his history is fairly accurate, if fragmentary, his opinions unimpeachable, his folk-lore mildly entertaining and his descriptions as highly coloured as though he were striving to atone for the flatness and deadness of his illustrations. The book, in fine, is a *réchauffé*—unfortunately not warm. Works of this type will always find readers among the many who desire neither to see, study, nor think at first hand. And while a public exists, it is doubtless in vain to assure writers that enthusiasm does not imply comprehension, that adjectives cannot convey the sense of a landscape and that expanded magazine articles do not of necessity constitute a book.

AN AGE OF GREAT CHURCHMEN.

"The English Church from the Norman Conquest to the Accession of Edward I., 1066-1272." By W. R. W. Stephens. London: Macmillan. 1901. 7s. 6d.

ENGLISH history in the Middle Ages has, undeniably, picturesqueness, romance, passion. And the Church, no less than the State has this interest. There stood out from the common herd of men, unthinking if passionate, heroes and leaders who seemed to change the course of history, to drag time forward or forcibly to hold it back: and these men in the Middle Ages were notably churchmen. From the eleventh to the thirteenth century one great statesman may be matched by two churchmen almost at every stage: but the churchman was a statesman too, and the separation of interests was perhaps never more than skin deep. William the Conqueror and Lanfranc, Henry I. and Anselm, Henry II. and Becket, Simon de Montfort and Robert Grosseteste, Edward I. and Winchelsea—the names seem to come naturally in pairs, save for the last, almost of equal greatness. But then there must be added Roger of Salisbury, Henry of Winchester, Roger of Pont l'Évêque, Herbert Walter, Stephen Langton, Walter of Cantilupe, all great men, and all clerks.

The pictures that the Dean of Winchester has to present in his new book are varied and attractive. There is human interest everywhere, as well as the interest of great institutions in the working. How are these visualised? That is what we first ask of an historian. The answer in the present case is entirely satisfactory. The Dean is a trained historian and he has also the special gift, which no training can give, of sympathetic insight. He writes of the Middle Ages as one who knows them, in life as well as in books. His portraits of great characters are fresh and convincing. Lanfranc, Anselm, Becket, Langton, Grosseteste, stand out from the canvas as they stood out in life from the dark background of intrigue and brutality. And their portraits are drawn not with the haste of the impressionist, but with the knowledge of a close and intimate study. It is quite clear that the Dean knows

not only the historians of the Norman Conquest as well as did Mr. Freeman but the theology far better. It is clear that he knows the chronicles of Becket's day as well as Miss Kate Norgate, though he is not perhaps fully at home (who is?) in the vast mass of Becket correspondence. And Grosseteste and Langton he knows too in histories and letters and sermons. The result is a fresh and vigorous picture of times and men, such as can come only from personal and first-hand work.

There are many thorny ways by which the historian of these centuries has to travel. There are the questions of Canon Law, of the relations of Rome and England, of the relations between Church and State. What we desiderate in the treatment of these matters is not only knowledge but a judicial temper. This it seems to us the Dean conspicuously possesses. He knows what Professor Maitland has written and he can judge it much as Bishop Stubbs judged. The question is not so much one of fact as of the nature of the authority exercised; and it is clear from the tone of the Dean of Winchester that he recognises this, and is in no haste, as some have been, for an hysterical submission in which, since the Roman Canon Law is held to have been absolutely binding in England, we are given our choice, as modern historical churchmen, between the principles of the Pope and the principles of John Knox. History is not made of these sharp divisions: and the Dean clearly knows it.

Again, in the relations between England and Rome, it is a happy thing to be relieved of the straining of partisanship. We want a simple statement of fact and not either an ultramontane distortion or a view which "makes the Church of England Protestant before the Reformation and Catholic afterwards". And this too the Dean knows. Lastly in the relations between Church and State we want to learn from a man who knows and appreciates both sides of the question, who can distinguish between principles and their expression by faulty agents in times of stress. And here too the Dean is temperate, lucid, and convincing. We have not criticised the book in detail, because the details which need criticism are few. We have taken it as a whole, and as a whole it is good and sound history.

NO FIELD FOR LYRIC.

"Anthology of Latin Poetry." By R. Y. Tyrrell. London: Macmillan. 1901. 6s.

PROFESSOR TYRRELL has given the name anthology (rather loosely, as he himself admits) to a collection of extracts from Latin poetry deliberately intended to illustrate the characteristics, rather than the happiest moods, of the poets themselves. In applying his principle of selection, such as it is, he appears to have been fairly successful. At the same time we doubt whether the book can be said to have permanent value, except for schoolmasters who will find it useful in setting passages for unseen translation. We fancy Professor Tyrrell indulges a somewhat fond hope in supposing that this volume will be valuable as a companion to his own published lectures on Latin poetry. Typical passages may be very well by way of illustration in oral teaching, but the elementary student left to himself will find them poor nutriment. What for example is to be made of twenty pieces, each of a page or rather less, taken from the plays of Plautus? As well refer the student of English drama to Dodd's "Beauties of Shakespeare". For purposes of instruction one play read and known is infinitely more valuable. We assume of course that instruction is the aim. If anything like scholarship is presupposed in the reader of these passages, they might with advantage have been left to repose undisturbed in their contexts. The scholar who takes any interest at all in the very small fry of Latin poets will do so from motives of scholarly curiosity, and will want not bits of them but all that is to be got. For scholars whose delight in poetry is merely literary and unprofessional, what is the worth of a couple of short selections from this or that turgid poetaster with nothing to recommend him, bar the facts that he wrote in Latin and that some of his verses are extant? Nor will the lover of

Vergil rejoice to see a favourite passage torn from its setting and labelled "Orphée aux Enfers"!

Had Professor Tyrrell attempted a golden treasury of Latin poetry in which we might take our pleasure unshadowed by the thought of instruction, we should have awaited the result with sincere curiosity and, we must add, a good deal of misgiving. The fact is that Latin is not a field for the anthologist. To provide such a field a literature must be rich in the smaller voices, which while neither commanding nor sustained have none the less uttered a sweet and personal note. Nobody wants a number of extracts from the masterpieces of drama or epic. The anthologist, as Palgrave so admirably proved, must find his material in songs and lyrics. This is precisely where Latin is deficient. Take away a few great names, and the language is singularly empty of true lyrical impulse. In this respect we may almost compare Latin poetry with our own poetry of the eighteenth century. An anthologist of English who picked all his flowers from that time would be hard put to it to gather a respectable bunch. Let him pass over into the Elizabethan meadows, and at once he suffers from an embarrassment of riches. Often it seems extraordinary that a language which in prose has given models of elegance for all time, and in poetry has a Horace and a Vergil, should be so poor in lyrics. In Horace, if we do not get deep passion, there is gust of life and scholarship to its finest edge. Vergil, along with equal scholarship, has so intimate and pensive a note, lives the inner life so deeply, that we cannot imagine him part of a passionless time or people. If we looked for explanations of the lyrical poverty of Latin, one no doubt would lie in the reserve of Roman character. Another perhaps would be the lateness of flowering time in Latin literature. By the time Latin poets had learned to use the language, the perplexities of thought had begun their work. The "carpe diem" of Horace is partly the attempt to banish painful reflection. For Latin there was no happy time when complete mastery of the language and lusty satisfaction with the earth went together, as in our own Elizabethan literature. There is of course Catullus; but the exquisite and plaintive charm of his lyrics depends in no small part on its peculiar appeal to modern ears. He stands alone. He proves that a restless and doubtful age may produce a great lyricist. For poetry generally, such an age is wanting in the conditions of lyrical greatness.

REASONABLE CRIMINOLOGY.

"The Criminal Mind." By Dr. Maurice de Fleury. London: Downey. 1901. 3s. 6d. net.

THIS is a translation, and a very good one, of a book on crime, and the mental characteristics of criminals, by a well-known French expert in criminology. Stories of detectives have long had a considerable amount of popularity amongst all classes of readers, but they seem to have reached their apotheosis in Dr. Conan Doyle's well-known studies. Some weariness is likely to follow, and this genre displays signs of being almost worked out. Possibly some ingenious writer wanting to test the taste of the public for subjects dealing with criminals, may yet see that there is a chance of working up for fictional purposes the psychology of the criminal, in place of the psychology of the detective which has hitherto formed the staple of the story whose interest is crime. To be sure there is a great deal of it in old-fashioned stories like "Macbeth" or "Hamlet" or "Eugene Aram" but the authors had not the advantage of being acquainted with the modern theories of the criminal mind. Remorse they appear to have thought naturally dogged the steps of the murderer until it made life unbearable, the burden of what he had done could not be shaken off, and terrors and illusions so pressed upon him that he became mad. But this is really reading the criminal mind backwards. Your real criminal is a stupid fellow who can only see one thing at a time, and his poor mind is so badly equipped, either by nature or through faults of surroundings and education, that there is nothing like the association of ideas which takes place in an ordinary person's mind. Or he has actually some defect or lesion of the brain which temporarily or permanently ranks him among madmen.

As Zola somewhat crudely puts it he "sees red", and neither education nor anything else except medical treatment is applicable to his case. It is the natural consequence of both states of mind that remorse is the least likely of mental conditions in the criminal. This is contrary to the usual supposition, but it only shows what extremely vague views most people have of the genesis of crime. There are undoubtedly men who commit crime without its being possible to say that they belong to either class. It is quite easy for the doctors to place the others, and to show that the theory of their full responsibility and the ordinary punishments of the prison and the scaffold fall short of providing a rational treatment. But Dr. Fleury is eminently reasonable. He does not cast unnecessary difficulties in the way by taking up the extreme position of some criminologists that all crime is to be traced to irresponsible acts. When doctors will not allow society the right to exercise its common sense it unfortunately retaliates by shutting its ears to a good deal the doctors have to say worth hearing.

Dr. Fleury looks on crime and its punishment to a considerable extent with the eyes of society, and admits that it is neither possible nor desirable that we should go to the extremes advocated by some of his fellow-professionals, who vary between treating all criminals as patients, or as wild beasts that ought to be exterminated. Yet such are the fearful facts known only to men like him that we have some difficulty in saying whether we ought to approve or shudderingly to refuse to tolerate one of his suggestions for a moment. We are thinking of a terrible passage where Dr. Fleury describes the infant monsters who are kept alive at Bicêtre. The details are too repulsive for reproduction. Dr. Fleury argues very temperately for the retention of capital punishment in the cases where it is usually applied, with certain modifications as to method, but he asks whether in view of that Bicêtre crowd of absolutely incurable little beings without a name, reared in cages and more brutelike than beasts, we might not extend our right to inflict death further than we do at present. To this class he admits may possibly be added the madmen who burn, pillage, kill or violate; and to decree their death by prompt and painless methods would be the elimination of an evil without any possible remedy. Without saying more on this terrible subject we will only add, to show that Dr. Fleury is not advancing this suggestion without consciousness of the moral difficulties, that he at one time protested against man arrogating to himself the right to kill his fellow on account of any incurable ill, any irreparable disfigurement, because no one can know how much of the instinctive enjoyment of life may linger in a heart even were it unconscious. These are the at present insoluble problems which it would be useless raising if they were not associated with others that are not insoluble, and only need considering with more knowledge and appreciation than have been hitherto applied to them. Whatever may be said of punishments, or as to what classes of persons ought or ought not to be treated as irresponsible, it is indisputable that much crime is of the nature of many diseases which we have either learned to suppress or are on the way to suppress. Prevention and not punishment is the real aim of society. Dr. Fleury's book is most valuable in pointing out the moral and medicinal means by which the conditions of mind and body which produce a large proportion of crime can be gradually improved. There is no empirical recipe: the prophylaxis embraces everything by which society renders its citizens healthier and wiser; all religious, moral and physical agencies directed to those ends are the means by which crime must be combated.

"EVELYN INNES" AND OTHER NOVELS.

"Evelyn Innes." Popular edition, entirely re-written. By George Moore. London: Unwin. 1901. 6d.
"Sister Teresa." By George Moore. London: Unwin. 1901. 6s.

IN the prefaces of these novels Mr. George Moore tells how when he had worked for two years on "Evelyn Innes" he reckoned the length of his manu-

script and found he had already achieved the respectable number of 150,000 words and was only halfway through his tale. This first half was published under the title of "Evelyn Innes". Now, three years later, he sends out into the world the second half, "Sister Teresa". To this the preface is absolutely necessary. The start is so abrupt that those who are—generally with wisdom—in the habit of deferring the preface until the book is read, must remain in the dark during fully a third of the volume as to the causes of the doings of the more important personages. To enable them to understand, it appears that the publisher proposed a sixpenny edition of "Evelyn Innes". Mr. Moore agreed and seized the opportunity to re-write the story from beginning to end. Before dealing with "Sister Teresa" therefore we ought to say something about the history of which it is simply the continuation, the conclusion.

When the original edition appeared we devoted some space to it. With regard to the story, which remains unaltered in essentials, nothing more need be said. With regard to the treatment a little may be said. It is infinitely better. The first version was, as the author admits, far too diffuse. Mr. George Moore's views on the arts are interesting enough; but he allowed them to smother his story, to hinder at every point the development. Moreover, whenever a character began to talk about painting or literature or music we heard not the voice of the character but Mr. George Moore's voice. Now the whole thing is more tightly knit; and we are not allowed so often to forget the characters. By the ninety pages of omissions Evelyn, in the first place, is made much more comprehensible; Dick Dean also ceases to be a ludicrous mixture of two London writers and becomes an individuality; Mr. Innes and Sir Owen Asher both stand out clearly as distinct personages with minds, motives, passions, wills and idiosyncrasies of their own. Certain passages which were formerly unnecessarily realistic, have been toned down; and though there are still sentences sufficiently to the point to scare a few timid readers, no one who dares to read Fielding, Shakespeare, Balzac, will find here anything to alarm him.

In the first volume Evelyn Innes, a young woman who plays the harpsichord and viol da gamba, bolts to Paris with Sir Owen Asher, has her voice trained and becomes a great singer. Later on she takes other lovers; and later again she finds the life she leads barren, futile, unsatisfying. She has been brought up as a good Roman Catholic and, in attempting to still the spiritual longings that make existence intolerable to her, she falls back into the arms of the Roman Catholic Church. The conflict between her very sensual flesh and her spirit ceases while she rests some days in a convent. But she feels it impossible to become a nun and lead for the rest of her years the life of a nun; and the volume ends as she drives back to London, wondering how to occupy herself without plunging again into sin and yet without altogether renouncing life. The months, many months, pass; her father dies and she is left quite alone in the world; and in the end she becomes a nun. That is the whole story of "Sister Teresa". It is of course principally occupied by the struggles that go on within Evelyn. First she would, then she would not; and until the last chapter but one her flesh so far is the victor over the spirit that she feels the purely spiritual life unendurable and is determined to make her escape at the earliest possible moment—make her escape, we say, not because she is held in any sort of durance, but because she finds it difficult to explain her thoughts and feelings to the other nuns and wishes to slip away unobserved. The opportunity arrives, she opens the door, sees the springtide spreading over the land, the first buds shooting, the birds singing; and then she closes the door and quietly returns to her work in the convent. In the months of waiting "something within her had broken", she no longer even desires life. She goes back to her prayers and her psalms and her labours; each day will be exactly like its fellow; and finally the black earth will receive her: she will sing her psalms and pray her prayers and perform all her duties, but she is dead. So completes itself the tragedy of Evelyn Innes.

With such a story treatment is all or nearly all;

and to our mind Mr. Moore's treatment is that of a master. There are a few passages, or rather phrases, that one would have expunged in the next edition but on the whole the treatment is that of a master, of a master belonging as yet to the second rank. In this novel the final tragedy—the return of Evelyn to the convent, the renunciation of all that to her has meant life—this is perfectly done in a single paragraph. Mr. Moore shows here a fine instinct in denying himself words, the dramatic situation being sufficient. But when fine and powerful words are needed he often fails: he too often is merely pretty and graceful, using neat adjectives when the thing wanted is the verb that burns its way into the brain. But on the other hand he has his own means of expression. Chiefly he uses the earth, the green earth, our mother earth, with all her changes of mood, and the sky with all its changes, and the clouds. The whole of the two books is kept fragrant and fresh by a pervading sense of green leaves and the free air; and, as in our own lives, nature now sympathises with the emotions of his characters, and now thrusts them into the relief of bitter contrast by her callous indifference. The evening after Evelyn has left Lady Ascott's house, and left Owen Asher for ever, and he looks out on the sombre, mournful trees with "a strange grief in his heart"—this is an instance of the one method; for examples of the other, there is the moment of Evelyn's final return to the convent, and there is also the burial of Evelyn's only friend in the convent, the prioress, the sky and clouds and trees showing no sign of feeling for Evelyn's sorrow. There was a great deal of talk about music in the first book; but there is little in the second. For this most readers will be thankful, though Mr. Moore has studied his subject carefully enough to be always accurate, and some of his opinions, if not wholly new, are put in an engaging way. There are marked indications of French influences; but better that than the stodgy British prejudices that make most British novels unreadable. The great merit of "Sister Teresa" is that it deals in a sincere manner with the fundamental emotions of humanity, the emotions which alone form the woof and the warp of the life of everyone who truly lives. Superficialities are left on one side: here we have described simply the tragic death of a human soul.

"Cardigan." By Robert W. Chambers. London: Constable. 1902. 6s.

A thoroughly workmanlike romance, depicting the revolt of the American colonies as witnessed by a warm-hearted youth. Mr. Chambers modestly warns his readers that those who read his pages for the sake of what history they may contain will find the histories from which he has helped himself more profitable. He supplies them with something more valuable than the knowledge he disclaims, for he has succeeded in recalling a veritable eighteenth-century atmosphere; his schemers and fighting men really live and move, in half-consciousness of the epoch-marking import of great events. Mr. Chambers' presentment of the broader controversial issues seems to do less than justice to the loyalists' case.

"Little Cherie, or the Trainer's Daughter." By Lady Florence Dixie. London: Treherne. 1901. 1s.

Messrs. Treherne and Co. inaugurate their series of "Shilling Sporting Novels" with this readable story. Lady Florence Dixie at least knows the world which is interested in horses, and if there is nothing very original or remarkable about her novel, if in some parts her ideas are quaint and crude, it can at least be claimed for it that it is brightly told, that it is at times exciting, and that it will serve to while away an hour's leisure. A novel which lays no claim to be considered literature has not failed of its purpose, if it does that. "Little Cherie" is very far from being literature.

"The Snares of the World." By Hamilton Aidé. London: Murray. 1901. 6s.

It is difficult to understand why Mr. Hamilton Aidé should bury his talent in such a dreary society novel. The winsome heroine and the courageous central motive cannot redeem the want of real creative power; there

is no story to speak of, and the men and women are impossibly conventional and monotonously tiresome. The snares of such a world neither deceive nor entice; it would almost be flattery to call the book immoral.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"England's Danger." By Theodor von Sosnosky. Translated by M. Sinclair. London: Chapman and Hall. 1901. 7s. 6d.

An essay on the British Army by an Austrian critic, who has thoroughly mastered his subject so far as reading goes, ought to arouse considerable interest here. The book is, in essence, an enlargement of articles that appeared in the "Fortnightly Review" last year, and consists of a record of the British Army in the past, with a brief historical summary from the Boyne to Omdurman; a review of its present state, with an analysis of the Boer War down to Lord Roberts' return; and finally a scheme for reorganisation and reform. The author states frankly that he has never set foot on British soil. A little practical acquaintance with the conditions of life here would probably modify some of his views: for instance, we doubt the advantages of leavening Irish regiments with English companies for political reasons. His knowledge of the native Indian army is extremely slight: he speaks, in his account of the Mutiny, of "regiments of Sikhs and Ghoorkas from the Presidencies of Bombay and Madras". But as a rule the book is very accurate and its criticisms of our present condition are well worth consideration. Our exuberant "Maffickers" should be made to read the deliberate judgment of a friendly critic who has a strong sense of proportion. To examine effectively Herr von Sosnosky's constructive schemes would require a volume. We would merely say here that he does not seem to have weighed sufficiently the essential differences between armies like the British and the German or Austrian due to the necessity of garrisoning our possessions overseas. He suggests that "only such recruits as are physically fit and who volunteer for such service" should serve in the Colonies, and that these should get "a considerable increase of pay, such pay to be charged to the Indian Government". Presumably "Indian or Colonial Governments" is intended, but apart from the financial arrangements, does such a scheme promise much? The author seems to ignore our West Indian Regiments, the West African and Central African troops, the Chinese Regiment, &c. But it would be interesting to have his opinion on our recently adopted measure of raising extra Indian regiments for garrisons in colonies like Mauritius—a step the gravity of which has not been recognised at home.

"Dante Gabriel Rossetti. An Illustrated Memorial of his Art and Life." By H. C. Marillier. Second edition, abridged and revised. London: Bell. 1901. £2 2s. net.

We are glad to see that a new edition of Mr. Marillier's book on Rossetti has been called for, and that it has been issued at a price which puts it within the reach of many people who could not afford to pay five guineas for even the handsomest of books. This abridged reprint is not, indeed, so fine a book as the first edition, nor does it contain so many illustrations or so much detailed information. But the abridgement has been done with taste and judgment, and there are still over a hundred reproductions of pictures and drawings, some in photogravure. To turn over the book is to see at a glance something of the course which Rossetti's art took. From "Ecce Ancilla Domini" to "Astarte Syriaca", all the moods are there, and, even in reproduction, one is able to trace the changes in technique, as well as the changes in mood. With Rossetti both went hand in hand, every change in technique being really a change in mood. To the student of Rossetti as an artist Mr. Marillier's book is invaluable; it may be commended not less to the amateur of beautiful pictures.

"War Notes: the Diary of Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil." London: Black. 1901. 5s.

Colonel Villebois-Mareuil's diary, covering the period of the war from November 24, 1899, to March, 1900, has been admirably translated by Mr. Frederic Lees and is introduced by M. de Vogüé of the Académie Française. It is of considerable interest first because it throws new light on the Boer side of the campaign; second because it suggests possibilities that might have become realities had the Boers followed the advice given by so capable and resourceful a soldier as Villebois-Mareuil no doubt was. To their obstinacy and self-sufficiency Great Britain owes much. In vain he urged them to adopt offensive tactics, when such tactics might have added enormously to British embarrassments. One entry in his diary shows the overweening confidence of the Boers that the offensive tactics adopted by the British must end ultimately in complete triumph for the Boer forces: "Dec. 29 [1899]. Visiting a laager yesterday, I was struck by the unconcern with which the Boers regard the change of command in the British

Army. They are convinced they will defeat Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener as though they were common corporals. Their presumptuousness gives way now only before God".

"Lord Milner." By W. B. Luke. London: Partridge. 1901. 1s. 6d.

Mr. Luke does not pretend to any more particular knowledge of Lord Milner than is to be found in the newspapers and ordinary books of reference. So far as he has been able to glean the facts of his subject's career he manages to present them in an agreeable but undistinguished way. He aims merely at telling the plain story of the remarkable rise of Lord Milner and he has no point of view of his own to enunciate. Lord Milner's work has hardly yet advanced to a stage where any approximately complete estimate can be formed unless the writer has enjoyed special advantages, and even in that case the story must break off at the very beginning of possibly the most interesting chapter of all. The best thing in the book is the reprint almost in extenso of a pamphlet written by Lord Milner fifteen or sixteen years ago on foreign and imperial policy. It occupies over 40 pages of a book which does not extend to 170 pages, and affords an excellent idea of the staunch Liberal Imperialism which Lord Milner advocated in his earliest public utterances.

"History of the Conquest of Mexico." By W. H. Prescott. Bohn's Libraries. 3 vols. London: Bell. 1901. 10s. 6d. net.

To this edition of Prescott's "Mexico", Mr. G. P. Winship contributes an essay which will usefully warn those who take up the work for the first time. Prescott had not at command material for a final view of the whole subject. Since he wrote in 1843, documents have been found in Spanish and Mexican archives which throw important light on the events with which he dealt. Its literary quality explains the continued popularity of "The Conquest of Mexico", and the fascination which it never fails to exercise. While, however, it is necessary to bear in mind that it has its limitations from the point of view of historical thoroughness, it is only fair to remember that Prescott himself gave as his chief reason for undertaking to tell the story of the conquest of Mexico, that the works of Solis and Robertson had in the forties been rendered incomplete by "the important materials assembled by the industry of Spanish scholars".

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FRENCH LITERATURE.

Loges et Coulisses. Par Jules Huret. Paris: Edition de la "Revue Blanche". 1901. 3f. 50c.

Gayest and most enterprising of journalists is M. Jules Huret. Nothing baffles him, we feel sure that the editor of the "Figaro" sends for him whenever there be a delicate problem to solve and we are equally certain that even the bitterest enemy of interviewers is unable to resist him. He would have done well as a detective—"shadowing", slipping into trains at the very last moment, disguising himself en route. Indeed, his greatest exploit was to interview Captain Dreyfus during the journey from Rennes to the South of France . . . immediately after the pardon, in spite of the fact that the Captain had reserved a special compartment. Moreover, he was told off to watch the state of London in the earlier stages of the war: wrote familiarly of the Strand, of music-halls and "bars", here and there indulged in slang, gave famous people nicknames, and spelt his English words correctly. Then, he has also been a dramatic critic: become so fast a friend with theatrical celebrities that no one is more competent than he to gossip about "Loges et Coulisses". Whenever he "calls", he is welcomed warmly. Sarah Bernhardt, surrounded by boxes, pestered by milliners, distracted by the constant ringing of the telephone almost fails to be in readiness for her trip to America because she consents to receive her "bon Huret". The impresario may tear his hair, urging "Sarah" to pack, do nothing but pack; the milliners may follow her to and fro with their "creations" on their arms, pins in their mouths, the "déménageurs" may arrive to bear off the still open boxes . . . but "Sarah" nevertheless insists upon chatting with Huret. And Huret is jostled; Huret's foot is trodden upon; Huret's hat is tipped over his eye . . . but Huret takes his notes all the same, Huret produces an eloquent article, Huret receives a telegram from "Sarah" as she quits French soil beginning "mon cher Huret". Like all interviewers, like all "professional" journalists, M. Huret is fond of discovering intimate details, casting light on one's past. So— we hear that Réjane's mother kept a refreshment stall in a theatre and that her brother was a "contrôleur" in the same establishment. Réjane, also, calls him "mon cher Huret", "mon bon Huret"; and Huret, returning the compliment, writes—"Amoureuse, tendrement amoureuse, depuis la pointe de ses petits pieds jusqu'à la courbe de ses épaules, les regards doucement troublés, la voix qui frémit, la caresse qui soupire, toutes les nuances dont est composé ce personnage délicieux furent rendues par elle avec une largeur, une vérité dont je n'ai jamais vu l'équivalent". This—an excellent example of M. Huret's style—is followed by further glowing passages; so genial is our author that he showers flattery on every one of his subjects, and yet he is never at a loss for a new adjective. The graver Duse was no less friendly; Calvé appreciates his bonhomie almost as heartily as Sarah Bernhardt; and men—playwrights and authors like Paul Hervieu and Jean Aicard—cannot show him enough hospitality. So must it be good to be Huret. Further on, come chapters on stage-management, stage-hands, containing here and there some useful criticism. But M. Huret cannot be "serious" for long: suddenly, too suddenly, he attacks the question of the "matinée hat". Most men would unreservedly condemn it; M. Huret, however, treats it with characteristic geniality and gaiety. He has sometimes preferred the hat before him to the play. He has been fascinated by hats. He has found himself staring strangely, interestedly, at the foundation and mechanism of hats. There are worse things than hats. No doubt this tolerance has won M. Huret innumerable friends, new friends. Hundreds of Parisiennes must now be saying, "Ce bon Huret", "Ce cher Huret".

Les Ombres.

Last time we marvelled over a despairing little volume whose cover bore neither the names of the author and publisher, nor the price. Can "Les Ombres" be by the same writer? It, also, is anonymous and arrived mysteriously: it, too, is sad—in spite of the frequent statement that the author has lived for years and years, we feel that he is absurdly young. He should not be so anxious to insist upon his experience, bidding bantlings "Beware". It is suspicious that he should for ever be warning us off (imaginary) pitfalls . . . declaring that he on countless occasions would have been glad to have had someone's good advice. And then there is too much about the "treachery" of women, too much about suicide, too much about the advantages of early death. Seek as we may, we can only discover that our author's existence is troubled by very slight "shadows". Like all of us he had had his little tragedies, his little ironies; for instance—which of us has not been splashed by a passing omnibus on a rainy day? The thing is distressing but soon forgotten. The author of "Les Ombres", however, sees in it a conspiracy, the diabolical work of some unknown power. He, frail creature, is reflecting beautifully, dreaming, hoping; he, in his inspiration, is about to become possessed of a sublime theme for a poem . . . and what happens? Suddenly, he is splashed; immediately, his Muse vanishes . . . instead of holding a pen he must take up a

brush. In fact, every accident is a conspiracy, a carefully arranged plot; if we were willing to adopt our author's way of thinking, we should have to see sorcery in the loss of a collar stud, the blackest art in the sudden going-out of our cigarette. We should feel that everyone and everything were against us. And we should go pale; weep over ourselves. For ever be taking infinite care of ourselves. As it is, however, we cannot accept our author's advice. We thank him for it. We hope he will soon get well. We trust with all our heart that he will not again be splashed by a passing omnibus. But we can do no more. . . . unless it be to offer him in return *our* advice.

Camisards, Peaux de Lapins et Cocos. Par G. Dubois-Desaulle. Paris: Edition de la "Revue Blanche". 1901. 3f. 50c.

Before opening M. Dubois-Desaulle's book, we marvelled over the title. And we expected a collection of extravagant sketches in the style of M. Alphonse Allais and Georges Auriant's accounts of precocious children, mothers-in-law, cooks, lunatics, babies. However, we were disappointed; this volume is a violent attack on the military system in France, more violent than anything ever produced by M. Urbain Gohier. It is difficult to credit the atrocious state of things M. Dubois-Desaulle portrays; but he declares that every incident has been "vécu" and that he is more than willing to prove before the proper authorities the truth of his revelations. The challenge should certainly be accepted—for M. Dubois-Desaulle goes so far as to mention places, dates and names, and the infamies described are worse than those disclosed in "Sous-Offs" and "L'Armée contre la Nation". Particularly terrible is the picture of prison life, while the brutality of certain officers reminds one in a sense of one or two episodes in the Dreyfus affair. We hope that M. Dubois-Desaulle's book may attract the attention of the Minister of War. It cannot rightly be ignored. The culprits mentioned in it should be compelled to attempt to clear themselves of M. Dubois-Desaulle's terrible imputations.

Revue des Revues. 1 octobre. 1f. 30c.

M. Frédéric Loliée continues his entertaining article on the position of the "financier under the Third Republic". By financier he means chiefly the banker—the stout Jew whose past and present are far from spotless. On this occasion we meet him "au théâtre"—he, a favourite figure with the French dramatist, is introduced to us in all moods, in all conditions. But the impression left behind is not a pleasant one: he may be judged by capably conceived character in M. Alfred Capus' successful play, "La Bourse ou la Vie". M. Camille Mauclair writes dully of "Some Unknown French Poets"—but we have never been able to regard him as a critic. Moreover, he has an exasperating way of tackling every conceivable subject and, in each case, posing as an authority. Nor are we interested in the usual array of shoddy caricatures.

Revue Britannique. 28 septembre. 5f.

An admirable criticism of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" appears in the current number of this dignified review. In conclusion, the writer, M. Jean Teincey, says: "Tant d'héroïsme méritait mieux; quoi qu'il en soit, ces jolies lettres passionnées et douloureuses constituent une œuvre littéraire d'un réel mérite, très vivante si elle n'est pas vécu, habilement construite, mais un peu faible vers la fin." A paper on the respective advantages enjoyed by the English and American workmen is well worth reading; that on the "Depopulation of France" provides here and there a new point of view.

For This Week's Books see page 440.

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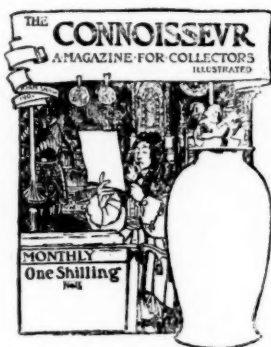
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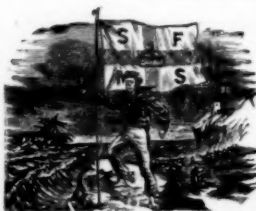
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BANK OF ENGLAND, 3rd October, 1901.

ABOMPEH SYNDICATE.

THE following report has been forwarded to the shareholders:—

"As this is the first time that I have had the pleasure of meeting you since my return from the West Coast of Africa, I should like to give you an account of the work I did in that country as the Abompeh Syndicate's representative and as a director of that company. During my tour I was accompanied by another director of the syndicate, Mr. H. Meyerstein, who is as much impressed with the possibilities of our company as I am myself. You will remember that the Abompeh Syndicate was formed specifically to take over from the Goldfields of Eastern Akim, Limited, five options on lands situated in Eastern Akim, at certain specified rentals and under certain other conditions, which were fully set out in the option agreements which were acquired. On my arrival in West Africa I experienced the greatest difficulty in inducing the chiefs who had entered into the option agreements with the Goldfields of Eastern Akim, Limited, to give effect to the options we had acquired, by granting leases upon the terms that had been previously decided upon in the option agreements, and much valuable time was wasted. Rather than submit to what I considered would be an imposition upon the Abompeh Syndicate by the chiefs concerned, I determined not to press the matter of exercising the options at the time, but gave instructions before I left the colony to Messrs. Osborne and Martin, the syndicate's solicitors on the West Coast, to take the necessary legal steps to compel the chiefs, if possible, to carry out the original arrangements that they had entered into with the Goldfields of Eastern Akim, Limited, or their assignees, in which latter position of course we stand. Having carried the matter to this point, and possessing the necessary powers to act for the full board, I made it my duty to acquire properties in other parts of the Gold Coast Colony in favour of the Abompeh Syndicate, and I am pleased to be able to report to you to-day that I was fortunate enough to secure five leases, each for 99 years, with a total area of 23 square miles, in the syndicate's favour, on most reasonable terms. The leases thus acquired are over lands in the Berraku district of the Gold Coast Colony, some 20 miles west of Accra. This district, I firmly believe, will prove to be of great value, when sufficient development work has been done upon it. The leases thus acquired in the name of the syndicate have been duly stamped and registered in the colony, and copies have been filed with the Concessions Court, in order to obtain the necessary validity for the titles of the same. In addition to securing the five leases that I have just mentioned, I was able to acquire in my own name four leases of five square miles each at Akatsi in Eastern Akim, which I propose to hand over to be dealt with jointly by the Abompeh Syndicate, Limited, the Tete Concessions Syndicate, Limited, and myself, as the representative of Mr. J. F. Dolphyn, the gentleman by whom the said properties were introduced, and who has been working the said areas for the past twelve years at a considerable profit to himself, but only on a very limited scale. Whilst on the spot I was able to allow Mr. J. H. Powell, the chief engineer of the Goldfields of Eastern Akim, Limited, to pay a visit to these properties, and I have great pleasure in adding his report upon them for your information:—

"MR. POWELL'S REPORT.

"Duke's Avenue, Chiswick, W.,

"September 26, 1901.

"George Macdonald, Esq., 57 Moorgate Street, E.C.

"Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter of September 25, asking for my opinion of the value of the four concessions known as Akatsi Lands, belonging to the chief and people of Akanten, in Eastern Akim, Gold Coast Colony, I beg to state that I visited this land in June last, and looked over it with the object of deciding whether

the gold-bearing alluvial found was likely to prove payable, and also if there was a probability of finding gold-bearing reefs. I found that there were a large number of native shafts on the property, which had been made in the past by the natives in working the alluvial; but I found also, what in my experience of West Africa is quite exceptional, that at the present time the natives were working this alluvial on a large scale by open work, stripping the gravel of the over-burden, and then washing the gold-bearing gravel in the stream near. This work was being carried out on the banks of the River Suhen, which forms the dividing line between two of the concessions, a native village having been established near the site of the workings. On examination I found that nearly an acre of ground had either been worked or cleared ready for working. The over-burden, consisting of loamy soil and clay slightly hardened in places by the deposition of oxides of iron, was about 12 feet thick, and below this there was a thickness of about 4 feet of gravel, from which the gold is obtained. This gravel consists of small rounded quartz pebbles, with a considerable number of angular pieces of hard shale and a few boulders of decomposed dolerite; the largest of those I saw would not weigh more than 2 cwt. The gravel is lying on soft clay, which is probably the decomposed bedrock. From the panning tests which I made, and from information gathered from the natives as to the yield they obtained, I estimated that the yield from this gravel is about 2 dwt. per cubic yard: the gold is coarse, and would be readily separated from the gravel in an ordinary sluice. The conditions are very favourable for the successful working of a gold dredge, and if on thoroughly prospecting the average value of the gravel they should prove even considerably less than that above stated, substantial profits could still be made. The River Suhen is a large stream about 30 ft. across, with a good volume of water at all seasons of the year, and the area of the alluvial deposits on both sides of this stream is undoubtedly very large. There is also a considerable quantity of float quartz on the property, a portion consisting of white, sugary quartz, which when crushed and panned gave a little gold. From the site where the natives were working I obtained some dark blue angular quartz, which they told me they had broken off a reef about 1 foot thick, running across the bottom of one of the pits which they had worked, but which at the time of my visit had been covered with the over-burden from an adjoining pit. This quartz on panning also showed a little gold. I feel satisfied that thorough prospecting will reveal the presence of gold-bearing reefs, and that probably some of them will prove payable. I consider that these concessions are likely to prove valuable, and that they are well worth the expenditure of sufficient money to thoroughly prospect them.—(Signed) J. H. POWELL.

"From these remarks it will be seen that the present position of the Abompeh Syndicate is a much stronger one than it was at its formation. Not only have we still the right to exercise the five options taken over from the Goldfields of Eastern Akim, Limited, but we possess in our own right and title five separate leases for ninety-nine years of four square miles each plus an equal interest with the Tete Concessions Syndicate, Limited, in four leases for ninety-nine years of five square miles each in Eastern Akim. Further, the Abompeh Syndicate is interested to the extent of 5,000 shares in the Tete Concessions, Limited, and 3,000 shares in the Kyebi Lands, Limited. I would recommend that the properties thus acquired be dealt with in the following manner:—Another expedition should shortly start from this country to examine and report upon the concessions secured in the Berraku district, whilst the remaining four concessions, situated in Eastern Akim, should be floated jointly by the two syndicates I have previously mentioned, I trust to the great advantage of both companies. Appended are some particulars of the properties secured:—

(A) In the syndicate's name.

Land.	Area.	Rental per annum.
1. Known as Assen	4 square miles	£100
2. " Insribia	4 "	100
3. " Sika Bura	4 "	100
4. " Easel Porwa	4 "	100
5. " Ammurupu	4 "	100

(B) Jointly with the Tete Concessions Syndicate, Limited.

1. Akatasi Land. A.	5 square miles	£100
2. " B.	5 "	100
3. " C.	5 "	100
4. " D.	5 "	100

Faithfully yours,

" (Signed) GEORGE MACDONALD."

MOUNT REID MINING.

AN extraordinary general meeting of the shareholders of the Mount Reid Mining Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday, at Winchester House, E.C., Mr. H. G. Campion presiding, for the purpose of submitting resolutions providing for the voluntary winding up and reconstruction of the company.

The Secretary (Mr. Newman M. Ogle) having read the formal notice,

The Chairman, dealing with the question of reconstruction, assured the shareholders that the board were unanimous in recommending that under the circumstances reconstruction was the best course to adopt. Mr. Longden, in one of his circulars, practically raised the point that instead of reconstruction the Ellerhausen process should be adopted by the company. He (the Chairman), however, failed to see that even if they did reconstruct they would be deprived of the benefit of that process. The view his colleagues and himself took with regard to that process was that it had not yet proved itself to be a practical success, and they did not propose to be a party to pioneering it at the company's risk. With reference to the question of reconstruction—which, after all, was the vital matter before the meeting—he would remind the shareholders that on a previous occasion a certain number of shares were offered to the shareholders for subscription. The response, however, was only some 5,000 shares, and this was really of no use. The question of debentures was then discussed; but very serious objections were raised. First of all, they were told such an issue would depreciate the value of the shares, and, secondly, that debentures were not a marketable security, and could not be disposed of and passed from hand to hand as readily as shares. Under the circumstances, and having regard to the fact that money was required, and that he strongly recommended that the company should work its own property, it seemed to him and to his co-directors that the only feasible way of cutting the Gordian knot was by reconstruction; and surely, if a surgical operation were necessary, it was by far the better course to face it like men and see the thing through, and get it over. The Chairman then moved the resolutions, of which notice had been given.

Mr. P. Ledoux seconded the resolutions.

Mr. Thompson (a shareholder) moved the adjournment of the meeting, and the

appointment of a committee of shareholders in order to confer with the directors as to the best means of dealing with the present lamentable position of the company.

Mr. Whitehead seconded the amendment.

The Chairman then put the resolutions for the reconstruction of the company, which on a poll being demanded were declared carried by 60,134 votes against 7,959.

A committee, consisting of Messrs. Bebro, Lewis, Lawson, MacMurray, Whitehead, Thompson, and Captain Angel, to confer with the board, having been appointed, the proceedings terminated.

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